

SCENES VISITED WITH DISASTER IN JAPAN.

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/.

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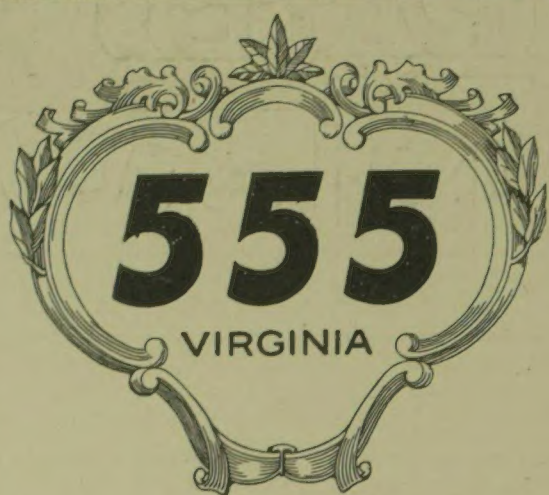
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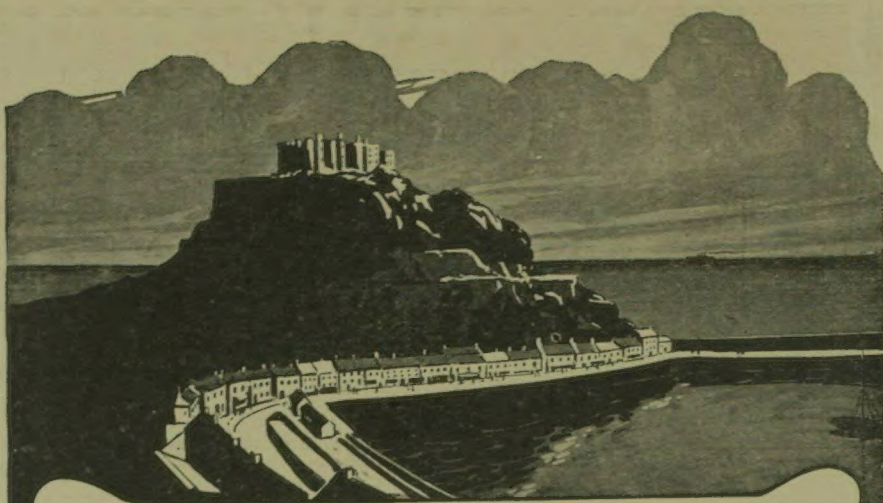


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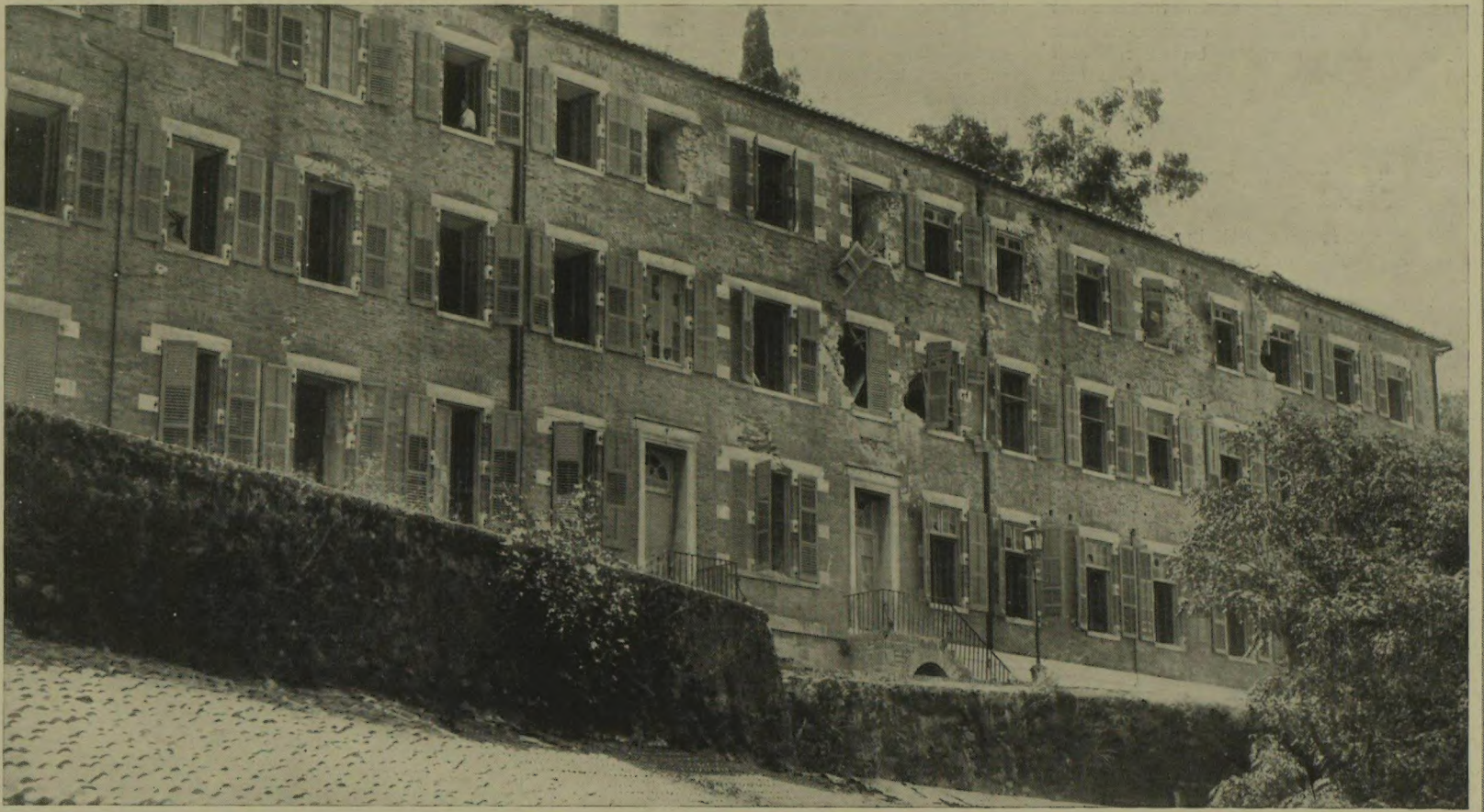


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1923.

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SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF THE ITALIAN SHELLS: (ABOVE) THE BARRACKS OF THE GREEK POLICE;  
(BELOW) A BUILDING IN WHICH A NUMBER OF PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

One of the buildings hit by Italian shells in the bombardment of the town of Corfu was the training school of the British Police Mission to Greece for the new Greek police force to take the place of the old *gendarmerie*. The Director of the British Mission, Sir Frederick Halliday, who was in London at the time,

confirmed a report that the training school had been damaged by fire as the result of the bombardment. The Mission went out in 1918, and the training school is the old British barracks, built a hundred years ago. Some fifteen Greek and Armenian refugees housed in the Fort at Corfu were killed.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND C.N.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN I first opened Papini's "Life of Christ"—or rather, the very vigorous and convincing translation of it which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton published recently—the very first sentence struck and arrested my attention. The book contains a vast number of interesting sentences, but I am still tempted to think that the first is the best. I fear this is only because it expresses something that I have often thought myself. Anyhow, it expresses it in a phrase about free-thinkers, calling them "those free spirits who have deserted the army for the dungeons."

I have always put it to myself in the form of the famous opening sentence of Rousseau: "Man is born free and everywhere he is in chains." I should begin all modern criticism by saying "Thought is born free and everywhere it enchains itself." That is the beginning of the whole problem, which the shallow free-thinker ends before it has begun. The whole question revolves round a certain human habit to be found in history. For some reason or other, the very first thing that the free-thinker does is to sell his freedom. He sells it in exchange for nothing so sensible as a mess of pottage, but for something which can most truly be called a mess. He sells it for some complicated theory or some cocksure explanation of everything; some ingenuity, some quackery, some flying fad or fashion. For that flying fad he will recklessly sell himself into slavery. But though the fad may fly, the slavery does not fly. The love of Circe may be momentary, but the condition of the pigs permanent. They have escaped from Ulysses and the discipline of a ship to Circe and the servitude of a pig-sty. As Papini says, they have deserted the army for the dungeon. We are tempted to say that all men might be allowed liberty, if they had not such a passionate longing for slavery.

There are any number of examples, old and new. Calvinism was, if anything ever was, a doctrine that deserved to be compared to a dungeon. Yet it was into that dungeon that the first sectarians rushed the moment they were free to found a sect. Precisely the same process was repeated by those later sectarians who called themselves Rationalists. The very first use which they made of free thought was to deny the existence of free will. In other words, the very first use they made of liberty was to deny the very possibility of liberty. They represented man as bound hand and foot by something which they themselves delighted in calling a chain—the chain of causation. Men who were in revolt against the real bonds of real tyranny always managed to entangle themselves in these new bonds of unreal tyranny, the unreal tyranny of sophistry and long scientific words. What in the world induced the Socialists, for instance, to load themselves with all the leaden pessimism and dehumanised helplessness of the materialist theory of history? Why in the world did Marx tell men they were mechanical dolls at the very moment when he wanted them to behave like martyrs or like murderers? What possessed the Socialist to say that there was nothing but a clockwork of economics, at the very moment when he wanted the whole world turned upside down for a wild ideal of ethics? What possessed him was this devil of perversity that makes a man use liberty to seek slavery. It seems as if when a man is emancipated he cannot leave his emancipation alone. He cannot, so to speak, leave his liberty at liberty; he cannot leave his own freedom free. He is always leaving the open road and being lured into some hole or corner or other, into some den of

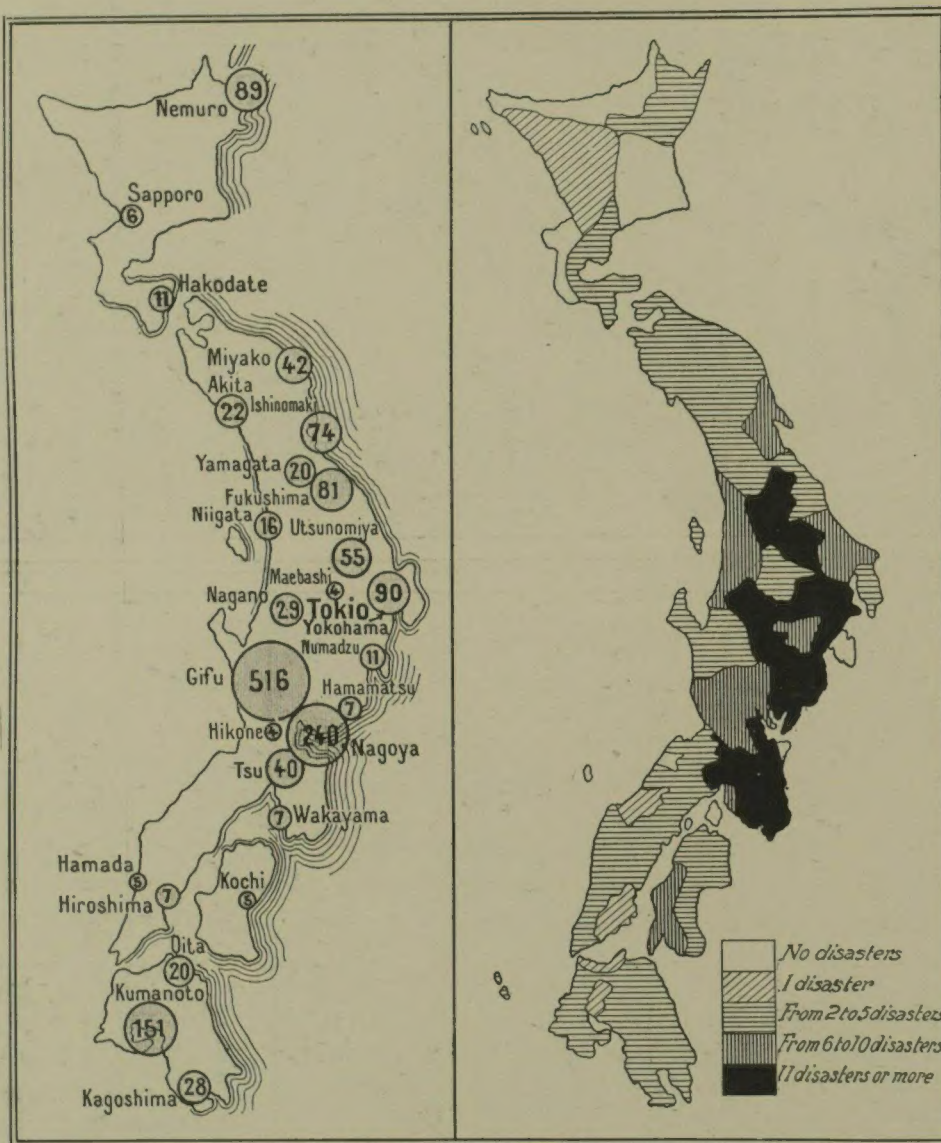
robbers where he is held to ransom or some cavern of witchcraft in which he is chained by enchantment. It would seem as if, the moment he began to think for himself, he began to theorise at the expense of himself. His theories continually drift in the direction of fatalism—that is, of paralysis. We talk of private judgment, but the chief judicial decision of the private judge has been to condemn himself to a private prison, or possibly to a private asylum.

There was recently an allegorical play about insects which I did not see, but which I understand was a very cheery little farce. It might very well have presented man as doubling the parts of the spider and the fly. For the modern fatalist is none the

I suggest this explanation here in general terms, because several critics have recently started up here and there to taunt me with some notion of theirs that authority is only a form of slavery. As a matter of fact, of course, it is the only alternative to slavery. Authority is the other name of right; and unless there is somewhere a right to call us free, any casual free-thinker may choose to call us slaves. And, as I have pointed out, nearly every casual free-thinker does call us slaves. The process of thinking without any reference to authority has left us without any claim to liberty. The Darwinians have represented us as doomed by heredity, the Marxians as driven by hunger, the psycho-analyst as paralysed by the past, the philosophers of the herd instinct as hopelessly identified with the herd. All these wanderings have ended in capture and captivity. As I said before, thought is born free and everywhere it has enchained itself. As Papini puts it much better, they have deserted the army for the dungeon.

This true story might be told in the form of a fantastic romance; a much more fantastic and even farcical variation of "The Pilgrim's Progress." When the hero set forth on some chivalric enterprise from the castle of the good fairies, he might come first to the castle of some Giant Despair, the black embodiment of predestination, who should put him in the coal-cellar as a convenient place for contemplation of the prospect of being put in the oven. But it would be no gloomier than the more modern villa inhabited by Mr. Arthur Schopenhauer, the prophet of pessimism; where the prophet's chamber happens to be a lethal chamber. An entertaining episode might describe Professor Darwin conducting the inquisitive traveller to the "Zoo," and inducing him first to look at the monkey-house and then to live in the monkey-house. The wilder figure of Nietzsche would cross the traveller's path; but, as all that brilliant lunatic's aspirations after anarchy ended in a hopeless theory of monotonous recurrence, we may suppose that he would capture the hero in a revolving cage on the model of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. But the main fact to be noted about all these adventures, about the oven and the lethal chamber, about the cage of the monkeys or the cage of the squirrel, is that they all are cages or captivities. By an alternative fancy the captives might be conceived as having their heads imprisoned in great boxes painted inside with the suns and stars of separate cosmic systems. But the point is that those who fell into the power of these various magicians might have fallen into it by way of adventure, but

they would remain in it after the fashion of slavery. They might have visited the "Zoo" out of a legitimate scientific curiosity, or gone up in the Great Wheel in a spirit of starry aspiration. But the cage would never open and the wheel would never stop. By tying themselves to the wrong sort of philosophy, they would have got into the wrong sort of eternity. In short, the case for a sort of general guidance from the start is to be found in the fact that the road is beset with traps and temptations to the loss of liberty. There are not only pitfalls, but bottomless pits; there are not only mazes, but mazes without a centre. That is why I, for one, believe in the philosophy of providing a map of the road, with all the blind alleys and broken roads marked on it from the first. But that is not an order that men should not be free to walk the roads, but rather that they should walk the roads on which they will remain free. And until this distinction is understood the modern debate about authority and liberty will not have ended, for it will not even have begun.



JAPAN'S EARTHQUAKE RECORD: MAPS SHOWING THE AVERAGE ANNUAL NUMBER OF SHOCKS, AND THE RELATIVE INCIDENCE OF DISASTERS, IN DIFFERENT DISTRICTS.

The left-hand map shows the average frequency of earthquake shocks in Japan in different districts, and, on the east coast, the relative frequency of tidal waves (indicated by wavy lines of shading). The right-hand map shows, by shading of graduated intensity, according to the table at the foot, the comparative incidence of seismic disasters in various parts since the fifth century, based on "Seismological Geography," by Montessus de Ballore.—[By Courtesy of "L'Illustration."]

less caught in a net because the net is a web, and is woven out of his own inside. The process is a sort of vicious circle; but it is the point of this sort of servile theory that it is always a vicious circle. Man is his own fly and his own spider. In the character of the spider, he has a pedantic pride in the mathematical pattern and scientific ingenuity of the web. In the character of the fly, he has a hopeless and helpless pessimism about the possibility of ever getting out of the web. But, for all that, the whole of that mathematical structure is nothing but a dirty cobweb, and can be swept away by a stronger broom. The reason I believe in authority about certain ultimate things is because authority is the only vigilant guardian of liberty which can rescue it from these successive snares of slavery. Authority alone can see the cobweb from the outside; it can say that the cobweb is a cobweb, when the poor little fly of a free-thinker is convinced that the cobweb is the cosmos.



## A GREAT DANCER INSPIRED BY INDIAN ART: PAVLOVA'S NEW BALLET.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



BRINGING TO LIFE THE FAMOUS AJANTA WALL-PAINTINGS ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER: THE PALACE OF GAUTAMA (BUDDHA) BEFORE HIS RENUNCIATION—MME. PAVLOVA AND M. NOVIKOFF IN "AJANTA'S FRESCOES" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mme. Anna Pavlova received a great welcome at Covent Garden on September 10, when she began her short season with a programme including the new ballet, "Ajanta's Frescoes," founded on the famous Indian wall-paintings at Ajanta which are illustrated and described on other pages in this number. They depict the life of Gautama, afterwards known as the Buddha. The ballet is divided into four tableaux, the first two of which show pilgrims at an Ajanta temple who fall asleep as evening closes. The third tableau (illustrated above) is thus described in the programme: "In their sleep the frescoes they have gazed upon translate themselves

into a living picture, and the great drama played 2500 years ago is once more unrolled. The scene represents the interior of the palace of the Prince Gautama. His wives are seated around with their maidens and the people of the palace. Dancers, men and women, enter and give a performance. In the end everybody falls into a deep sleep. Then the future Buddha enters and passes slowly between the sleepers and then withdraws to renounce for ever the pomp and vanity of the world and to give it a new faith." In the foreground are Mme. Pavlova and her partner, M. Laurent Novikoff.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



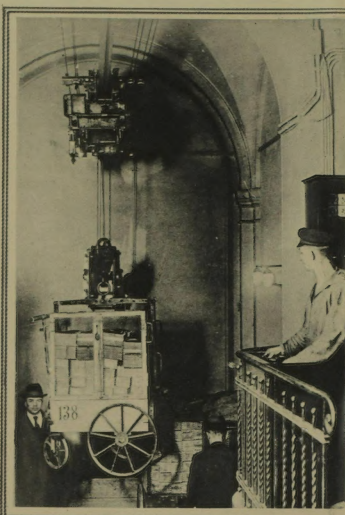
# AT HOME AND ABROAD: "LORD RENFREW" AND HIS RANCH; A HILL 60 MEMORIAL; AND OTHER TOPICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., P. AND A., TOPICAL, I.B., L.N.A., PHOTO. ILLUSTRATIONS CO.

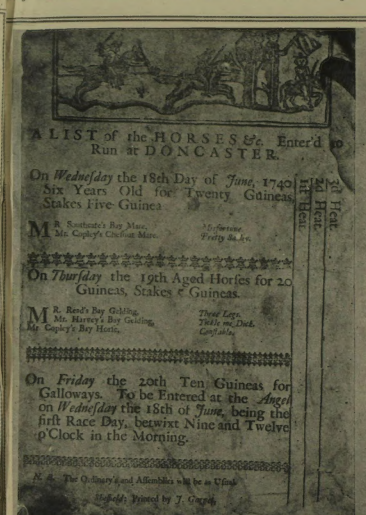
N. J. OLIVER, AND INTERNATIONAL PRESS PHOTO. SERVICE, BERLIN.



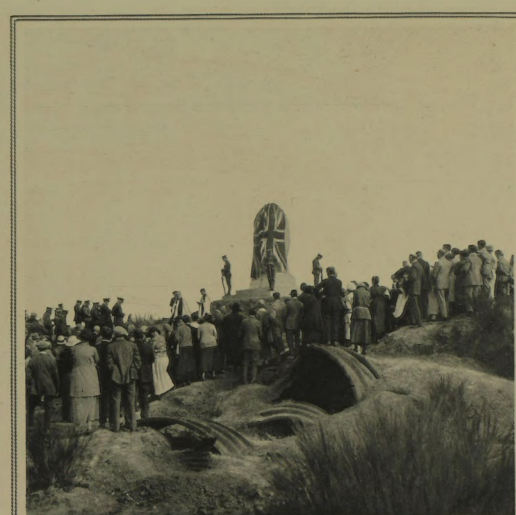
"LORD RENFREW" SAILS FOR CANADA: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE BRIDGE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPRESS OF FRANCE" LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON.



GERMANY'S HUGE OUTPUT OF PAPER MONEY: OVERHEAD TROLLEYS TO CONVEY NEW NOTES FROM THE PRINTING ROOMS.



AN ECHO OF OLD RACING DAYS AT THE SCENE OF THE ST. LEGER: AN ORIGINAL DONCASTER RACE-CARD PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1740.



WHERE THE QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES (9th LONDON REGIMENT) FOUGHT THEIR FIRST ACTION IN THE WAR: THE UNVEILING OF THEIR MEMORIAL ON HILL 60.



COD FEEDING FROM THE HAND AT A SCOTTISH POOL, AT PORT LOGAN.



THE WRECK OF SEVEN UNITED STATES DESTROYERS ON THE CALIFORNIAN COAST, AScribed TO TIDES CAUSED BY THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN: A TYPICAL AMERICAN DESTROYER, THE U.S.S. "CHILDS."



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS GONE FOR A FEW WEEKS' HOLIDAY: THE PICTURESQUE HOUSE ON HIS CANADIAN RANCH AT PEKISKO, CALGARY, IN THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA.



"WAKE UP, GERMANY!" A BANNER IN A BAVARIAN NATIONALIST PROCESSION.

The Prince of Wales, travelling as Lord Renfrew, left Southampton on September 5 in the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of France" for Canada, to spend a few weeks' well-deserved holiday at his own ranch on the Bedingfield estate in Alberta, which he bought during his Canadian tour some four years ago. The Royal, or E.P. Ranch, as it is called, is at Pekisko, Calgary, on the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and extends to some thousands of acres of pasture. In Germany the output of fresh paper money, to keep pace with the fall of the mark, has been so great that overhead trolley cars have been used to convey the new notes from the printing press to the cashier's department of the bank. Doncaster, where the St. Leger was run the other day, has long been a home of racing, as witness the old race-card (reproduced above) which was printed 183 years ago. It is a single sheet mounted on cardboard. A memorial erected by the Queen Victoria's Rifles (9th London Regiment) to their comrades who fell in the war, was unveiled on September 9, by General Sir Charles

Fergusson, on the crest of Hill 60, where the regiment fought its first action in the war. At Port Logan, on the west coast of Scotland, a round pool in the rocks contains some fifty cod, which are tame enough to feed from the hand. Seven destroyers of the United States Navy recently went ashore in a fog on the coast of California, near Santa Barbara. Over 500 men were rescued, but 25 were drowned in their bunks. It was reported that the navigators believed themselves to be eight miles from the coast, but that the ships had been carried close inshore by "a very unusual sea disturbance" probably due to the earthquake in Japan. The Bavarian Nationalists, of whose leader, Herr Adolf Hitler, a portrait appears on our "Personal" page, recently held a great demonstration at Nuremberg. They have adopted the swastika as a badge for banners and armlets. Their aim is declared to be to overthrow the Republic, restore Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, eject Jews from Germany, and prepare for a war of revenge against France.





THE ROYAL ARRIVALS: THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK COME TO WATCH THE HIGHLAND GAMES AT BRAEMAR.

## SCOTLAND'S "OLYMPIC GAMES": THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.

The annual gathering of the Braemar Royal Highland Society took place in the Princess Royal Park at Braemar on September 6. The King and Queen were present, for the first time for three years, as well as other members of the Royal Family, and the occasion, favoured with fine weather, was a brilliant success.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



AN OLD-TIME EVENT IN A MODERN SETTING: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRAEMAR GATHERING, ORIGINATED IN 1715 IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD PRETENDER—THE GAMES IN PROGRESS, AND HUNDREDS OF CARS PARKED OUTSIDE THE ENCLOSURE.



SOCIETY'S "LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS" THROUGH THE BARE HIGHLAND HILLS: A LONG PROCESSION OF CARS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF GLENSHEE.



THE MOST SCOTTISH AND PICTURESQUE EVENT OF THE GATHERING: THE MARCH OF THE CLANS—ONE OF THE THREE, PRECEDED BY THEIR PIPERS.

The King and Queen arrived at the Braemar Gathering—the chief event of the Deeside season—in Ascot style, in a carriage drawn by four greys with outriders and other attendants in scarlet livery. With their Majesties in the carriage were the Duke and Duchess of York, and in the second carriage was Prince George. The Princess Royal and Princess Maud had already driven in to Braemar from Mar Lodge. Among those who welcomed the royal party were Lord Huntly, Lord Aberdeen, and Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld. As usual, the Games

included, besides ordinary athletic events, tossing the caber, throwing the discus, and competitions in piping and Highland dancing. The most distinctively Scottish feature of the occasion was the march of the three clans—the Royal Balmoral Highlanders, carrying ancient battle-axes; the Princess Royal's Duffs from the Mar Lodge estate, with pikes in hand; and the Farquharsons of Invercauld, marching with drawn claymores. They passed with pipes and drum through the village to the ground, which they encircled twice. The King took the salute.



## TELEPHONING BY VIBRATIONS OF THE THROAT: THE LARYNGAPHONE.

DRAWINGS BY G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., MAKERS OF THE APPARATUS.



## AUDIBLE IN THE CROW'S NEST AMID THE ROAR OF A GALE: THE LARYNGAPHONE, ACTING BY THROAT VIBRATIONS.

Telephones of the loud-speaking type have for many years been used on board ship and in works where noise is prevalent, but they transmit not only the speaker's words, but also other sounds arising in the vicinity such as the shrieking of the wind, or engine vibration. The new "Laryngaphone" transmits only the vibrations of the speaker's vocal chords. The transmitter is placed against the side of the throat, in the region of the larynx, whose vibrations actuate the diaphragm of the receiver. This diaphragm is not sensitive to air vibrations; therefore noise does not affect it. Obviously this invention will be of great use in ships, aircraft, and in works where there is much noise. The engineer can speak from his "steel-walled pen," well knowing that his message will be received

clearly at the other end. For the look-out man in the crow's nest, a special type of helmet has been produced in which is fixed the transmitter and receivers. The former is strapped to the man's throat without causing him any inconvenience, and thus he can speak to the officer of the watch even in a gale, though the wind prevents him hearing his own voice. The "Laryngaphone" has been successfully used by divers. It can also form a link with rescuers in a coal mine after an accident, whose smoke-helmets have in the past prevented the use of the telephone. It was arranged to show the apparatus at the International Engineering and Machinery Exhibition at Olympia, and in connection with the British Association meeting at Liverpool.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



## THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY: FAIR CITIES



WHERE OVER 316,000 BUILDINGS WERE DESTROYED OR DAMAGED: TOKIO—A TYPICAL QUARTER SHOWING CLOSELY PACKED HOUSES AND ONE OF THE CANALS—SEEN FROM THE AIR.

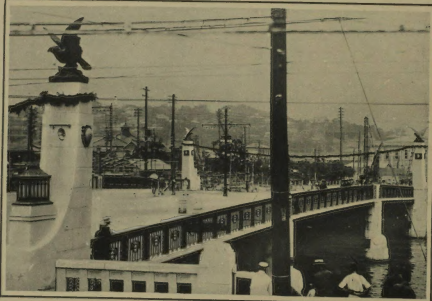


WHERE JAPANESE PRINCESSES WERE REPORTED AS AMONG THE DEAD: KAMAKURA—A FAVOURITE SEASIDE RESORT NEAR YOKOHAMA.

The tremendous disaster in Japan, which has laid in ruins her capital and its seaport, besides many other towns, and killed thousands of her people, has evoked the sympathy of the whole civilised world, and many nations have hastened to send practical help. The Japanese Ambassador in London wrote in a recent letter to the Press: "I wish to express the heartfelt thanks not only of all Japanese resident here, but also on behalf of my sorrowing countrymen at home. Even in these dark hours there is some consolation in the news from Japan that the nation is uniting to face with courage and determination not only the difficulties of the actual present, but the task of future reconstruction. In this regard we cannot be too thankful that the industrial centre of Osaka, as well as Nagoya and the port of Kobe, has escaped destruction." Particulars of the casualties and damage caused by the



THE FIRST BUILDINGS TO COLLAPSE UNDER THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCK AT YOKOHAMA: THE GRAND HOTEL AND (FURTHER TO THE RIGHT) THE ORIENTAL HOTEL, ON THE BUND.



WHERE MILITARY ENGINEERS SET TO WORK TO REPAIR THE BRIDGES AFTER THE DISASTER: YOKOHAMA—THE NEW BRIDGE WITH ITS FINE PILLARS.



"A MULTIPLICITY OF CANALS WIND THROUGH THE CITY, MAKING ISLANDS OF PORTIONS OF IT": A TYPICAL SCENE IN YOKOHAMA BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

## OF JAPAN LAID DESOLATE BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.



SHOWING THE POND IN THE ASAKUSA PARK WHICH WAS FILLED WITH CORPSES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN: A GENERAL VIEW OF TOKIO FROM THE ASAKUSA TOWER, REPORTED TO HAVE COLLAPSED AND KILLED 700 PEOPLE.



THE THIRD CITY OF THE JAPANESE EMPIRE "WIPED OFF THE MAP" BY THE EARTHQUAKE AND TIDAL WAVE: YOKOHAMA, THE PORT OF TOKIO, AND ITS BAY, SHOWING IN THE DISTANCE THE PENINSULA OF KADZUSA.

earthquake, according to the latest estimates at the moment of writing, are given on other pages in this number. One of the earlier reports stated: "The tower in the park of Asakusa at Tokio (from which one of the above photographs was taken) collapsed and is believed to have killed 700 people." Another account said: "The pond in the Asakusa Park is filled with the corpses of women and children." Kamakura, a favourite seaside resort near Yokohama, much frequented by foreigners, was destroyed. A Japanese Army airman, sent to fly over the stricken area, reported that Kamakura "is now nothing but a muddy sea." Among those said to have been killed there were mentioned the names of the Dowager Princesses Kayo and Yamashina. The report that Prince Matsukata had lost his life at Kamakura was afterwards denied.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

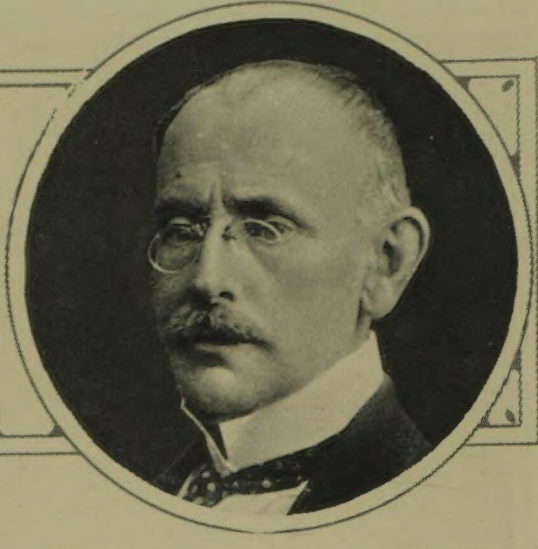
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, SPORT AND GENERAL, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., SYDNEY J. LOEB, C.N., ELLIOTT AND FRY, MILES AND KAYE, AND MAULL AND FOX.



BROTHER-IN-LAW OF THE PREMIER:  
THE LATE SIR EDWARD A. RIDSDALE.



A WELL-KNOWN GLOUCESTERSHIRE SQUIRE:  
THE LATE MR. W. F. HICKS BEACH.



APPOINTED FOREIGN CURRENCY "DICTATOR"  
IN GERMANY: DR. CARL PETERS.



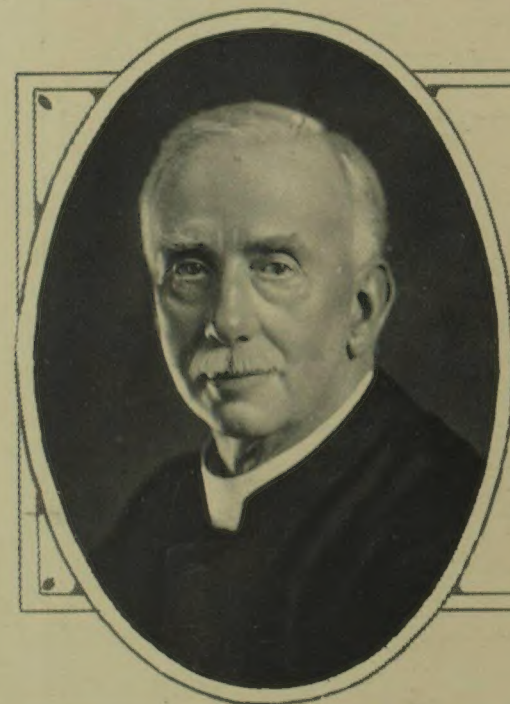
A NOTED WAGNERIAN TENOR: THE LATE  
MR. ERNEST VAN DYCK.



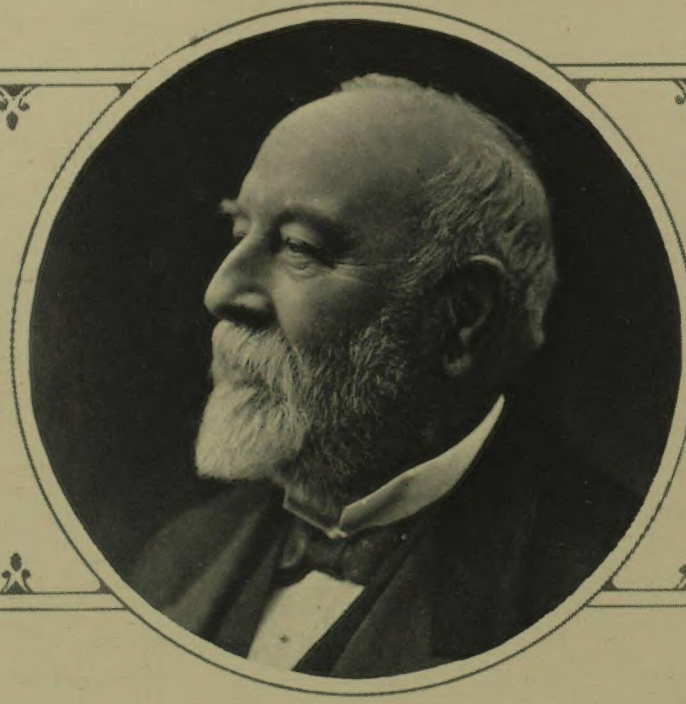
THE BAVARIAN "MUSSOLINI": HERR ADOLF HITLER  
(CENTRE, WITH STICK) AT A NUREMBERG DEMONSTRATION.



A CRICKET FEAT: M. TATE, WHO HAS SCORED  
1000 RUNS AND TAKEN 200 WICKETS.



EX-PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE:  
THE LATE REV. JOHN E. WAKERLEY.



THE CRIPPLES' FRIEND: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR,  
EX-LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



THE FIFTH SWIMMER OF THE CHANNEL AND  
THE THIRD THIS YEAR: CHARLES TOTH.

Sir Edward Ridsdale, whose sister is the wife of the Prime Minister, had been M.P. (Liberal) for Brighton, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the British Red Cross Society.—Mr. William Frederick Hicks Beach, of Witcombe Park, Gloucestershire, brother of the late Lord St. Aldwyn (Sir Michael Hicks Beach), was a great country gentleman of the old school, a well-known sportsman, and prominent in the public affairs of the county. In 1916 he was elected M.P. (Cons.) for Tewkesbury.—Dr. Carl Peters, who in 1919 became Prussian Food Commissioner, has been appointed Foreign Currency Commissioner, with authority to seize all kinds of foreign notes and securities not being used for productive purposes.—M. Ernest Van Dyck was born at Antwerp in 1861, and made his debut in "Lohengrin," at Paris, in 1887. He then joined the Bayreuth company.—

Herr Adolf Hitler is the leader of the Bavarian Nationalists, the new Fascist movement in South Germany.—Maurice Tate, the Sussex cricketer, has taken 200 wickets and scored 1000 runs this season, a rare double event in first-class cricket.—The Rev. John E. Wakerley was President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1922-3.—Sir William Treloar, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1906, founded the Cripples' Hospital and College at Alton and Hayling Island. He was head of the well-known carpet firm.—Charles Toth, of Boston, U.S.A., swam the Channel from Cape Grisnez to St. Margaret's Bay on September 8-9 in 16 hours 54 min. The feat had been previously accomplished by Captain Webb (1875), T. W. Burgess (1911), H. Sullivan, an American, on August 6 last, and S. Tiraboschi, an Italian, on August 12.



## A FACTOR IN THE JAPAN EARTHQUAKE: THE MOON—ITS SOUTH POLE.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. THE WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER-ARTIST.



WITH VOLCANIC PEAKS 7000 FT. HIGHER THAN EVEREST: THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS OF THE MOON—A RECENT TELESCOPIC SURVEY, SHOWING EVIDENCE OF ICE, SNOW, AND GROUND-FOGS.

"The Japanese earthquake," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "was due, in the first instance to an undermined surface, created by a constant outpouring of matter through volcanic vents. As in many earthquake phenomena, the collapse of the crust was accelerated by the mighty influence of the moon upon the earth, especially in March and September of each year. The moon's gravitation, or 'pull,' causes the earth's surface to heave to the extent of one or two feet daily. The elasticity of the crust is tested to the utmost, and a collapse, due either to volcanic agencies or to a natural shrinkage of the surface, may occur at the weakest spot. But for this lunar 'pull' many earthquakes might never have happened." Another recent event of interest connected with the moon was its eclipse of the sun on September 10, visible only in North America and Mexico,

and not in England. Referring to the above picture, Mr. Scriven Bolton says: "At the lunar poles the mountains are dazzlingly white, and suggest nothing else than ice, hoarfrost, and possibly snow. This applies more especially to the South Pole, where we find the wonderful volcanic peaks of the Leibnitz Range (shown above), which attain a height of 36,000 feet, or 7000 feet higher than earth's loftiest peak as reckoned from sea-level. Another interesting phenomenon recently observed is a grey haze, or ground fog, which partially obscures many low-lying plains and crater floors. A case in point is depicted above in the foreground. Many astronomers now believe that the lunar atmosphere is of considerable density in the valleys and crevasses." This aspect of the moon has lately been much studied.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



## OSHIMA: THE ISLAND-VOLCANO THAT SANK AND RE-ROSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. A. H. BRUCE-MITFORD.



REPORTED TO HAVE ERUPTED AND SUNK INTO THE SEA SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE EARTHQUAKE, AND LATER TO HAVE REAPPEARED:  
THE JAPANESE ISLAND-VOLCANO OF OSHIMA, OUTSIDE THE BAY OF TOKIO

AN Exchange Telegraph message published in New York on September 8 said: "Mr. Clarence Dubose, United Press manager in Tokio, has wirelessly to-day from Iwaki that the earthquake, which shook to their foundations the cities of Tokio and Yokohama, and a score of smaller cities, with appalling mortalities and destruction of property, was the dying convulsion of the volcano Oshima, off the coast near Yokohama. Simultaneously with the earthquake the volcano erupted, then collapsed, and sank into the sea. From the spot where the isle stood a great tidal wave rushed on the Japanese coast, engulfing Yokohama, which was still trembling under the earthquake." That the expression "dying convulsion" was premature may be gathered from a later report from New York on September 9, stating: "A Tokio message says that the volcanic island of Oshima, in the Bay of Tokio, which sank into the sea, has reappeared, and a new volcano is in eruption. Heavy earthquakes shook Tokio on Friday afternoon" (September 7). "The original upheaval, it will be remembered, occurred just a week before, on September 1. Over 10,000 people were said to have perished when Oshima was submerged."



BELIEVED TO HAVE CAUSED THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN BY ITS "DYING CONVULSION": THE OSHIMA VOLCANO—THE EASTERN WALL OF THE MIHARA CRATER.

THE remarkable phenomenon of the disappearance into the sea of the volcanic island of Oshima, after an eruption that coincided with, and perhaps caused, the great earthquake in Japan, and of the island's reported subsequent reappearance, was not apparently an unprecedented event in Japanese waters. In Terry's "Japanese Empire" (Constable) we read, in an account of the Volcano Islands 75 miles south of the Ogasawara group: "The region round about is known among seafaring men for its strange submarine volcanoes; at times masses of mud and ashes shoot up from the water, accompanied by rumbling and the stench of sulphur. . . . In November, 1904, a rocky island 2½ miles in circumference suddenly poked its head above the sea 3 miles north east of San Agostino, and in due time uncovered a pumice-stone beach, but by 1906 it had retired beneath the waves." In our issue of September 1, we mentioned a similar submarine convulsion which had recently raised the ocean bed from a depth of three miles to within three-quarters of a mile of the surface at a point in the Atlantic between the Cape and St. Helena. It was discovered through the breaking of a cable.

One theory of the origin of the great earthquake in Japan is that it was caused by an eruption of the island volcano of Oshima, which lies in the sea to the south-west of the entrance to the Bay of Tokio. It was reported, as stated above, that the eruption occurred on September 1 at the same moment as the earthquake, and that the island was submerged, causing a great tidal wave to roll upon the coast. An Exchange message from Tokio to New York, dated

September 9, reported that the volcanic island of Oshima, which had sunk into the sea, had reappeared, and that a new eruption was in progress. The report also stated that Tokio had been shaken by heavy earthquakes again on September 7, a week after the original shock. As noted above, the appearance and subsidence of volcanic islands in Japanese waters is not an unknown phenomenon.





The first official account of the earthquake in Japan received (on September 7) by the Japanese Embassy in London said: "In Tokio, although the Imperial Palace and the Yamanote districts have fortunately escaped damage, about two-thirds of the entire city has been totally devastated. The British, American, French, and Italian Embassies, as well as the Chinese Legation, have been burnt down." Another official report stated: "The Ministries of Home Affairs, Finance, Education, Railways, Metropolitan Police Headquarters, and the Arsenal have been burnt down. The Takanawa Palace, the Imperial Theatre, the Yuraku Theatre,

and other buildings have also been destroyed by fire. The number of houses burnt is estimated at 200,000, and the casualties at 150,000." In a message from Osaka on September 7 it was stated that up to that date 47,350 dead bodies had been found, of which 41,990 were in the Honjo district, and that out of 440,548 buildings, 316,087 had been destroyed or damaged. The population before the disaster was 2,031,391. The number of refugees and homeless was officially given as 1,356,740, and there were still at that time 135,000 persons in Tokio without shelter of any kind.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



## THE CRADLE OF INDIAN ART: THE AJANTA CAVE-TEMPLES.

By Sir John Marshall, C.I.E., Litt.D., F.S.A., Director-General of Archaeology in India.

MME. PAVLOVA'S performance of "Ajanta" at the Covent Garden Theatre, and the wide advertisement given to it in the streets of London, must have set many people wondering what or where Ajanta is. For there are probably not many Englishmen who have ever heard of Ajanta: fewer still who have set eyes on its magnificent cave-temples. Ajanta is the name of a little Indian village amid

their design. They have been executed by many hands and at different times—the gifts of donors who gave according to their means. Some occupy only a few square feet of wall space, others by their side are five or ten or twenty times as large. Some are masterpieces in style and execution; others are the stiff and stilted efforts of indifferent artists. Yet, in spite of their diversity of size and their varying age and excellence, there is a remarkable unity in their general effect; for all the artists of Ajanta followed the same traditional methods in their drawing, and observed the same restraint and reticence in their colouring and tones. Their palette was, indeed, a very restricted one, no more than half-a-dozen colours, with a warm earth tint as the basis of the colour scheme. But what they lacked in colour they more than made up by their variation of tones, by their virile, expressive drawing, and their masterly compositions. In these paintings there was no affectation, no striving after meretricious effects. Centuries of experience had taught the artists that in line drawing and silhouette lay the secret of true mural painting, and they brought their drawing to a pitch of excellence that has seldom been equalled.

Many of the scenes represent stately processions, royal audiences, or court ceremonies, in which Persians and other foreigners are taking part. It used to be thought that these were historic scenes, and that the people portrayed in them had played their part in the contemporary history of India; but recent research has made it clear that one and all of the pictures relate to Buddhism. The story they tell is the story of Gautama Buddha, the founder of the religion. Many tell of his previous existences—these are the *Jatakas*, or "Birth stories," as they are called—when from age to age he appeared on earth in different forms. Others tell of his last life, when he came

to show mankind the way of salvation; of Maya, his mother, who died at his birth; of his childhood and of his youth spent in luxury at the palace of his father, a chieftain on the borders of Nepal; of how he left his family and renounced the world; of the steps by which he became the Buddha; of his Enlightenment beneath the Bo tree; of his first sermon at Benares; of his many subsequent trials, his miracles and his death. The scenes are portrayed, as they are portrayed also on the column of Trajan at Rome, with such simplicity and directness that the most illiterate could understand their meaning. But in other ways they are astonishingly elaborate, and afford a magnificent repertoire of life as it was lived in India thirteen or fourteen hundred years ago. Princes and peasants, courtiers and hermits, warriors and hunters—men, women and children of every rank and degree—all are there: all moving against a background as varied almost as the figures themselves. Here a palace, there a street scene, or a city gateway; here a stately temple, there a quiet secluded garden or the depth of some primeval jungle.

Who the artists were who painted this wonderful galaxy of pictures we do not know, but one thing is certain: they were Indians, and the art they practised was the national art of India. Up to a few years ago it was the fashion to give the credit for these paintings to Persian or Byzantine or Roman or Chinese—to any, in fact, rather than to Indian artists; but archaeology has been making great strides of late. We know now that these pictures are not of one epoch. A few of them go back to the beginning of the Christian era. Others are more modern, by five or six hundred years; but their evolution on Indian soil is clear

and the style of their painting and their motifs correspond exactly with those of the sister art of sculpture, though the brush, we may well believe, was always more congenial to the Indian than the chisel.

But though the artists were Indians, and the scenes that they depicted were Buddhist, there is no reason to suppose that they themselves were monks. Certainly their pictures have little in common with those of a Fra Angelico or a Fra Bartolommeo. Much stress has been laid on the spirituality of these paintings, and it is unquestionably true that the spiritual beauty of some of the figures has rarely, if ever, been surpassed; but the painters of Ajanta were no visionaries. They knew the world, and they rejoiced in it. Probably they came of families who, generation after generation, had made painting a profession, and were equally ready to accept a commission for a palace or a monastery. Whoever they were, their work exhibits a great *joie de vivre*. They loved the beauty of flower and leaf, the brightness of birds, the strength and grace of the beasts of the jungle. Still more they loved the humanity around them. They copied their figures from the living model, they posed them in a thousand attitudes, and they revelled in the loveliness of their features and in the flowing curves of their forms. They revelled, too, in the decorative beauty of jewelled ornaments and armour, with which their figures were adorned.

The supreme importance of these Ajanta paintings in the history of the world's art is self-evident. They stand in much the same relation to the art of Central and Further Asia that the sculptures of the Parthenon do to the art of Southern Europe. They represent the source and fountain-head of the deep, broad stream of art which flowed from India eastward in the wake of Buddhism, and profoundly influenced the art of Burma, Siam, and Java on the one hand, of Central Asia, China, and Japan on the other. But there is another aspect of these paintings which invests them with a special interest for the European, for the forces which gave birth to this classic art are the same forces which had given birth to the classic art of ancient Greece, and which were destined later to give birth to Renaissance art in Italy and Spain. These forces were mainly racial. In India, as in Greece, the pre-Aryan population had a remarkable genius for decorative art, but little of the intellectual and humanistic qualities which distinguished their Aryan conquerors. It was not until the two races mingled together and produced a new stock that the inborn artistry of the older people came under the control of conscious reason and was raised on to the higher plane of humanism and intellectuality, which are the keynotes of art in the golden age of India as



A FAMOUS DANCER INSPIRED BY CLASSIC INDIAN PAINTINGS: MME. PAVLOVA IN HER AJANTA BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN.

The Ajanta ballet, inspired by the wall paintings described on this page, forms part of the programme of Mme. Pavlova's two weeks' season arranged to begin at Covent Garden on September 10.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

the "wild stony wolds of the Deccan," not far from the famous battlefield of Assaye, where Wellington defeated the Mahrattas in 1803. It is in the territories of H.E.H. the Nizam of Hyderabad, nearly 300 miles from Bombay. Near by the village is a rift in the hills shaped like a horseshoe, and in the sheer sides of the cliffs overhanging this rift the Buddhists in days of old excavated a series of monastic halls and chapels, hewing them from the living rock with infinite labour, and embellishing their pillars and portals with a multitude of richly carved reliefs. Altogether, there are twenty-nine of these cave-temples at Ajanta, four of them being chapels, and twenty-five residences for the monks. Seen from the outside, the former are readily distinguished by the great arched openings through which light was admitted to the shrine; inside they resemble a Christian apsidal church, with rows of massive columns dividing off the side aisles, but with a *stupa*, or pagoda—the chief object of worship in a Buddhist sanctuary—set in the rounded apse. The monasteries usually consist of a square hall with a verandah in front and pillared aisles around the sides, out of which lead the cells of the monks, while a shrine containing the cult image of the Buddha stands opposite the entrance.

In the hills of Western and Central India there are hundreds of such cave-temples, ranging in date from the third century B.C. to the thirteenth century A.D., some excavated by the Buddhists, others by the Jains, others by the Hindus; but it is only in three places that the magnificent tempera paintings (not frescoes, as they are generally called) which once covered their walls and ceilings have been preserved. One of these places is Sigiri in Ceylon, another is Bagh, in Gwalior State, and the third is Ajanta; but of these three Ajanta possesses incomparably the most extensive and finest series of paintings.

That the pictures have suffered much at the hand of time goes without saying; yet, in spite of their mutilations, they are still one of the "Wonders of the East." Few things are more impressive than the interior of one of these halls at Ajanta seen towards the close of a winter's afternoon. All day long it has lain in shadow, but about four o'clock the sun comes round the shoulder of the hill opposite, and slowly the figures emerge from the gloom, one by one taking definition of form and feature and kindling colour after colour under the touch of the warm and glowing sunlight. Unlike the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, the Ajanta paintings are not the work of a single artist, nor are they homogeneous in



SHOWING THE STUPA (OR PAGODA), THE CHIEF OBJECT OF WORSHIP IN A BUDDHIST SANCTUARY, IN THE ROUNDED APSE: THE INTERIOR OF A CHAPEL IN THE AJANTA CAVES.

they are in the golden age of Greece. It is these qualities that give to the Ajanta paintings their "classical" character.

\* For some of the illustrations my thanks are due to Nawab A. Hydari, who on behalf of H.E.H. the Nizam's Government has kindly allowed me to reproduce (on pages 480-481) some excellent copies of the Ajanta paintings made by Mr. Sayyid Ahmad.—J. M.



# HEWN FROM THE LIVING ROCK: AN AJANTA CAVE-TEMPLE.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA.



READILY DISTINGUISHED FROM THE MONASTERIES BY THE GREAT ARCHED OPENING ADMITTING LIGHT TO THE SHRINE :  
ONE OF THE FOUR CHAPELS IN THE BUDDHIST CAVE-TEMPLES AT AJANTA, WITH ITS RICHLY CARVED RELIEFS.

Here we see one of the magnificent cave-temples, cut from the rocky sides of cliffs, near the Indian village of Ajanta, in the Deccan. As Sir John Marshall explains in his article on the opposite page, "the Buddhists in days of old excavated a series of monastic halls and chapels, hewing them from the living rock with infinite labour, and embellishing their pillars and portals with a multitude of richly carved reliefs. Altogether, there are twenty-nine of these cave-temples

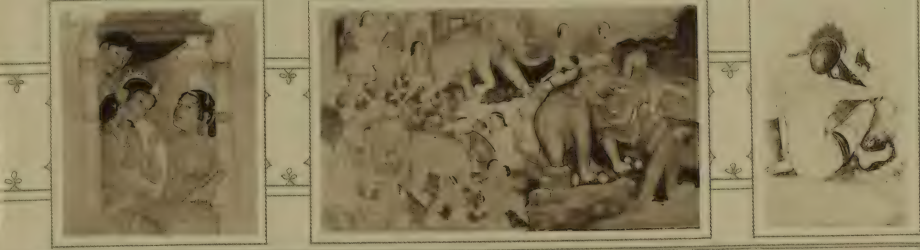
at Ajanta, four of them being chapels and twenty-five residences for the monks. Seen from the outside, the former are readily distinguished by the great arched openings through which light was admitted to the shrine." The above photograph shows the façade of one of the chapels; and on the page opposite is seen the interior of another. A general view of the cliffs with the long row of cave-temples hewn from them is given on the succeeding double-page.



ANCIENT INDIAN ART THAT HAS INSPIRED THE MOST FAMOUS OF MODERN DANCERS: THE AJANTA WALL-PAINTINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SIR JOHN MARSHALL,

DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHEOLOGY IN INDIA.



FROM THE FINEST OF THE ONLY THREE SURVIVING SETS OF TEMPERA PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS AND CEILINGS OF ANCIENT BUDDHIST CAVE-TEMPLES IN INDIA:

TYPICAL EXAMPLES FROM THE INCOMPARABLE PAINTINGS IN THE CAVE-TEMPLES OF AJANTA, DATING FROM THIRTEEN TO FOURTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



"IN THE SHEER SIDES OF THE CLIFFS THE BUDDHISTS IN DAYS OF OLD EXCAVATED A SERIES OF MONASTIC HALLS AND CHAPELS, HEWING THEM FROM THE LIVING ROCK IN A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAVE-TEMPLES OF AJANTA."



SHOWING THE CEILING DECORATED WITH TEMPERA PAINTINGS THE PILLARED VERANDAH IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE TWENTY-FIVE MONASTIC HALLS HEWN FROM THE ROCKY FACE OF THE AJANTA CLIFFS."



"IN MUCH THE SAME RELATION TO THE ART OF CENTRAL AND FURTHER ASIA AS THE SCULPTURES OF THE PARTHENON TO THE ART OF SOUTHERN EUROPE": FURTHER EXAMPLES

OF THE ANCIENT TEMPERA PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS AND CEILINGS OF THE AJANTA CAVE-TEMPLES, "THE SOURCE AND FOUNTAIN-HEAD" OF BUDDHISTIC ART IN INDIA.

Mme. Pavlova has based one of her new ballets at Covent Garden on the Ajanta paintings, as mentioned by Sir John Marshall on page 478. "In the hills of Western and Central India," he writes, "there are hundreds of such cave-temples ranging in date from the third century B.C. to the thirteenth century A.D. . . . but it is only in three places that the magnificent tempera paintings (not frescoes, as they are generally called) which once covered their walls and ceilings have been preserved. . . . Of these three, Ajanta possesses incomparably the most extensive and finest series of paintings. . . . They are still one of the 'Wonders of the East.' . . . Up to a few years ago it was the fashion to give the credit for these paintings to Persian or Byzantine or Roman or Chinese; to any, in

fact, rather than to Indian artists; but archaeology has been making great strides of late. . . . Their evolution on Indian soil is clear. . . . They afford a magnificent repertoire of life as it was lived in India thirteen or fourteen hundred years ago. . . . They stand in much the same relation to the art of Central and Further Asia that the sculptures of the Parthenon do to the art of Southern Europe. They represent the source and fountain-head of the deep, broad stream of art which flowed from India eastward in the wake of Buddhism, and profoundly influenced the art of Burma, Siam and Java, on the one hand; of Central Asia, China and Japan on the other."

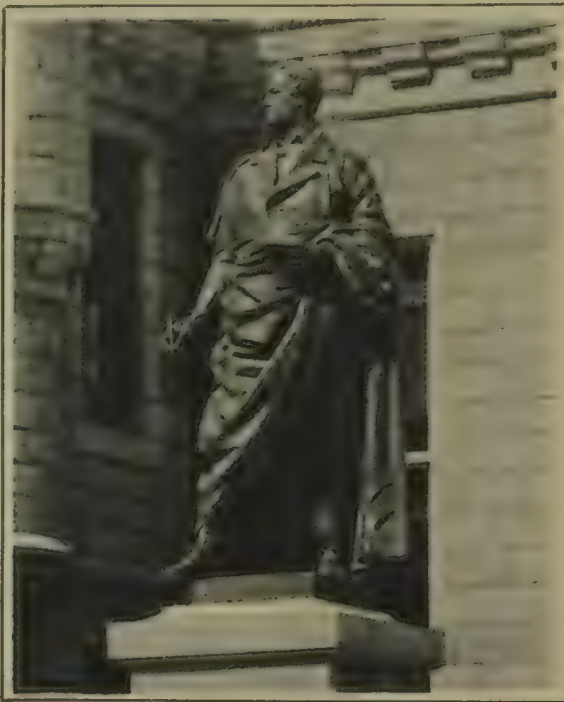


## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

edification is itself entertaining, and occasionally the matter of the reported discourse is very rewarding.

The second volume of "THE FARINGTON DIARY," edited by Mr. James Greig (Hutchinson; 21s.), has now been issued. It covers the years 1802-4, and the date alone is a guarantee of interest. Napoleon Buonaparte figures prominently in the Diary. Farington saw him reviewing troops at the Tuileries on



COMMEMORATING BYRON'S SCHOOL-DAYS AT ABERDEEN: THE STATUE WHICH IT WAS ARRANGED TO UNVEIL AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL ON SEPTEMBER 14.

The erection of a statue to Byron in front of Aberdeen Grammar School (where he was a pupil from 1795 to 1798, although not in the present buildings) was suggested in 1898 by a former Rector of the School, the late Dr. H. F. Morland Simpson. Dr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, R.S.A., now the King's Sculptor for Scotland, prepared a quarter-size model. After the war, Mr. A. J. Leslie, the well-known sculptor, enlarged it, and had it cast in bronze. The figure is 9 ft. high, and stands on a pedestal of grey granite, quarried near Balmoral, and within sight of "dark Lochnagar."



WHERE BYRON WENT TO SCHOOL AT THE AGE OF SEVEN: THE OLD BUILDINGS (NOW DEMOLISHED), OF ABERDEEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The records of Aberdeen Grammar School go back to 1256, and it probably existed even earlier. Thus it is the oldest educational institution in the United Kingdom. It has always been famous for its Latinity. The buildings in Schoolhill, erected in 1757, and vacated in 1863, are shown above exactly as they were in young Byron's day. While at school he succeeded to the title, and a day or two later, at roll-call, on first hearing the master call "Dominus de Byron," he burst into tears and could not answer "Adsum." The old belfry is incorporated in the present buildings.



BYRON'S FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL AS IT IS TO-DAY: THE PRESENT BUILDINGS (ERECTED 1863) OF ABERDEEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SHOWING THE BYRON STATUE.

September 2, 1802, and wrote one of his precise descriptions—"his countenance of a higher style than any picture or bust of him that I have seen. His complexion not . . . waxy, but though wanting in colour sufficiently healthy." It is curious to learn that Napoleon saluted the colours by pulling off his hat to those of each corps. On a later occasion Farington remarked on Napoleon's seeming indifference to a ceremony at which he was assisting.

Farington's pages reflect the state of feeling in England just after the Peace of Amiens. On his return from Paris, it was like "coming from disorder to order," and he felt grateful to be an Englishman. On his pages appear the most eminent Englishmen and Englishwomen of the time, introduced without embroidery but with a careful justice and fidelity that make the Diary a most valuable social and historical document. The first volume, published in December 1922, has already seen three editions, and a similar and even greater success doubtless

awaits this second volume, which is by far the more entertaining of the two. Mr. Greig's minute and careful Editorial Notes—never too long and never padded—give the reader just the right finger-points at the right places.

Mr. A. B. Walkley follows up "Pastiche and Prejudice" with "MORE PREJUDICE" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), a volume of collected essays very satisfying to the Walkley Oliver Twists among us, who can never have enough. But even here natural, or unnatural, law interposes its Bumble in the person of Mr. Arnold Bennett, who in a recent sheaf of papers tried to show Mr. Walkley's admirers the error of their ways. They remain impenitent in their prejudice, and, as Mr. Verdant Green would say, "prow title." In season and out of season, the late William Minto used to recommend his young men to study A. B. W., "this most acute and discerning of critics."

In a volume where nothing comes amiss, it is not easy to single out any particular essay, but my personal prejudice lies towards "Jane's Prejudice," which in five pages on one aspect of the novelist comes as near extracting the quintessence of Jane Austen as literary alchemist can. Jane's prejudice was "against rank, impatience with the social hierarchy of her day."

She may be said to have drawn up an indictment against the British aristocracy. The class just below, the squires, clergymen, and naval officers, were sugar and spice and all that's nice; once they got a handle to their names they became snipes and snails and puppy dogs' tails. Perhaps that is why "Emma" is the most joyous of her books. It is a story without "magnates"; there are few class distinctions to ruffle the author's equanimity.

The explanation Mr. Walkley finds in the intellectual Jane's resentment against "the adulatory homage paid to rank and its complacent acceptance by 'the great,' who were not intellectually great. Her sense of humour did the rest."

This essay will tempt many to re-read their Jane Austen, and if there be any heathen people who do not know her already let them hasten to make her acquaintance in the delightful new edition Mr. Martin Secker has issued at five shillings a volume. It includes "The Watsons" and "Lady Susan," which are printed together in the volume that completes the series.

The aristocracy, though sadly blown upon, are always with us in the novel, and their latest rôle of "New Poor" is likely to ensure their Scriptural continuance. But with the changed values of the times, the treatment has necessarily changed, and if the old county families are still put in the pillory, they are not set there as awful examples of private vice. Nowadays the novelist

studies the landed gentry from the sociological point of view rather than that of the shocked moralist. Their misfortunes and virtues receive equal weight with their faults.

The latest and by far the best of recent experiments in this kind is Miss Sheila Kaye Smith's new novel, "THE END OF THE HOUSE OF ALARD" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), an admirable example of the domestic story, *qua* domestic story, transposed into the modern key. The Alards, old as the Conqueror, had a baronetcy in the family, but they were more of the squirearchy than the nobility. They had added Sussex acre to Sussex acre until Alard was the biggest estate in the county. To hold it intact amid present-day burdens was the finest point of Alard honour, but it involved the sacrifice of one Alard after another and finally the alienation of the land and the extinction of the family itself. Miss Kaye Smith has handled her fine tragedy so deftly that the reader takes it rather as an intensely moving story than as a tract for the times.

ONE great fascination of the Diarists arises from their independence of a reading public. Most writers have their eye more or less on their audience, but if the Diarist thinks about publication at all, it can be only in the most detached way, for he cannot hope to see his daily jottings in print, still less to derive any material gain from his work. There may be at the back of his mind a remote idea that some day someone will think his journal worthy to see the light, and that may give him a vague tickling pleasure—touched with gentle melancholy, but still a pleasure. This may have occurred to the odd mind of Pepys, although it is doubtful whether even he was conceited enough to suppose his Diary valuable enough to tempt posterity to the labour of deciphering it for the press.

It is a nice speculation, this of Samuel's attitude to posterity. To benefit future generations cannot have been his main purpose, which was purely selfish. He was a sinner and he knew it—an uncomfortable sinner who used his Diary as a Confessional. A psycho-analyst in advance of his time, he practised on himself, no doubt finding relief—though certainly not a cure—in the confidences he entrusted to the profane record of his days and nights. And not only was the Diary a ghostly confessor, it was also a faithful and comfortable friend, one that never spoke back or nagged or wept and raved, no matter what story of Knipp or Willet might cross the unblushing page. Samuel may have used cypher for political reasons, but one cannot get away from the suspicion that chiefly he feared the prying eyes of the Angel in the House—poor wretch.

To say that Farington, the latest come among the Diarists, is not a Pepys, is not to disparage him. There is but one Pepys, and we do not look for a second. Perhaps it is inept even to hint at any comparison. Joseph Farington had no touch of genius, except that of perseverance. Pepys, the supreme genius of the Diary, was a miniaturist of his contemporaries. Where others mention mere names and leave us at that, Pepys conveys a portrait in a single stroke. "The Lady Bills come in, a well-bred but crooked woman." Condensed effects of illumination like that do not lie within Farington's hand. He has no inward eye, but he kept an alert outward ear. Although he had but little gift for original epigrammatic description of persons, he remembered a good thing when he heard it and faithfully set it down. And as he met all the most important people of his day, and was by way of being an important person himself, his Diary, if more plodding than piquant, is still entertaining reading.

To do Farington justice, he can now and then favour us with a slightly Pepysian touch—e.g., "Lady Hamilton is grown prodigiously large and exposed her fat shoulders and breast, manifestly having the appearance of one of the Bacchantes of Rubens." This is some considerable way behind the complete touch-off of Restoration ladies, but for staid Farington it is a bold flight. He is all for a quiet life. At Fox-hall Mr. Pepys rejoiced to find "a great deal of company . . . here laughing and there fine people walking is mighty divertising." The movement was everything to Pepys. Farington could enjoy the Tivoli, the Parisian Vauxhall, but after visiting Margate writes: "Lord Essex and several other fashionable people were there. Margate is a very public place, I much prefer the quiet retirement of Broadstairs.—We were at Mitchener's Hotel. He had two turtles in water, and Had Turtle ready dressed to be sent anywhere: the price 18 shillings a quart." The last quite Pepysian. On one point both diarists touch common ground, they were regular churchgoers. But they wore their devotion with a difference. One cannot imagine Farington talking casually of a "lazy poor sermon," but the very gravity of his



## WHERE EDWARD THE MARTYR DIED: A CASTLE OF TRAGIC MEMORIES.

FROM THE PAINTING BY OTWAY McCANNELL, A.R.W.A. SHOWN AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS' EXHIBITION. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



“STORM AND CONTRAST—CORFE,” BY OTWAY McCANNELL, A.R.W.A.—A STUDY OF THE FAMOUS CASTLE DEFENDED FOR THREE YEARS BY LADY BANKES AGAINST THE PARLIAMENT TROOPS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Corfe Castle, which stands on a hill in the island of Purbeck, near Poole, is a place beloved of artists and well known to holiday makers. “King Edgar is said to have founded it,” writes Mr. C. H. Ashdown in “British Castles” (A. and C. Black), “and here the tragic deed was perpetrated by which it is popularly known, when his son Edward the Martyr, King of the West Saxons, was treacherously murdered by Elfrida, his step-mother. . . . King Stephen besieged it in 1139 . . . and here King John committed his foul crime of starving to death twenty-two knights and

nobles, whom he had captured at Mirebeau in 1203. . . . In 1552 it was granted to Sir Christopher Hatton. That family sold it in 1635 to Sir John Bankes, the ancestor of the present owners. The notable defence of the castle for three years by Lady Bankes against the Commonwealth forces is one of those feats which stand out bravely against the somewhat sordid history of that period.” It will be noted that the inn on the right of our picture bears the name of the Bankes Arms Hotel.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



# German Currency and Modern Magic.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here the monthly series (begun in our issue of July 21) of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

AMONG the problems posed by the apocalyptic sinking of the German currency there is one which is specially important for those who would make a study of the modern spirit and of its weaknesses. That is the problem set by the brilliant period of 1919-1920. Why did the whole world repose so much confidence in a currency doomed to total destruction?

Let us recall what happened. The Treaty of Peace had hardly been signed, about the middle of the year 1919, when Europe and America threw themselves on the German currency as one of the most promising investments in the world. It is no exaggeration to say that from 1919 to 1921 the whole world bought marks—the United States, South America, the neutral countries of Europe, and the countries which had fought against Germany. During several months these countries thought that they were doing good business by paying for German marks even as much as half their nominal value. The fall of the mark was not long in coming, but it did not discourage the strong faith which

Just because Germany wanted to commit financial suicide, she carried out her *hara-kiri* before the eyes of the world, publicly, and calling attention to it. Of what use, then, was the fallacious reasoning by which so many people allowed themselves to be dazzled? "Germany is an immensely productive country; now that she has once begun to work again—her currency will soon recover."

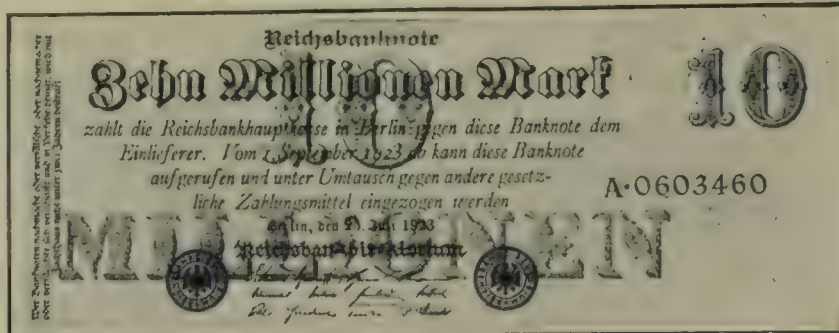
This reasoning would have been correct if the

Moreover, this homage was by no means platonic. It was translated into actual deeds. There is no doubt that, thanks to the universal confidence in her currency, Germany was herself able to benefit by a kind of war indemnity, to recover which cost her nothing, for it was paid into her hands with joy. After heaping abuse and invective upon her for having let war loose upon the world, that same world hurried to make her a handsome present of several milliards of gold. If the economic consequences of war were not apparent in Germany for four years, it is to a great extent due to the purchase of marks which was made by the whole world during 1919, 1920, and 1921. It appears that even to-day the conditions of existence in Germany are not so desperate as that of the currency, because many Germans of all classes were wise enough to exchange their money in time for coin of a better alloy.

Who could have imagined, while the war lasted, that, when peace was declared, the world would make Germany a present of milliards of marks? Whence came that strange confidence in the German currency which will remain famous in the history of collective illusions?

Questions in the depths of which collective psychological problems lie hidden are always very obscure. Several accessory elements contributed to spread and foster this illusion, including the hope of rapid and easy gain, which so often blinds covetous humanity. All the secondary considerations would not have been able to act upon two continents unless they had been sustained by a universal and deep-rooted sentiment. I am almost tempted to call that sentiment the belief in modern magic, represented by industry and science.

It was that belief in modern magic which gave Germany the unique prestige which she enjoyed before the war. Why had the Germans become towards 1900 in the opinion of the whole world a kind of *super-people*? The remembrance of their victories had begun to pale. Their culture, also, like that of other people, was declining. Germany had created, in thirty years, a gigantic industrial system, which victoriously defied the most ancient and most powerful rival organisations. She had utilised in her industries the scientific discoveries which were the admiration and envy of all peoples. The world had been dazzled by the grandeur and success of that effort. Above all, the marvels of chemistry had done more for the prestige of Germany in the new generations than her victories in the preceding ones. During the war the enemies of Germany learnt



GERMAN CHANGE FOR A POUND RECKONED IN MILLIONS OF MARKS:

A 10-MILLION MARK NOTE (WORTH ABOUT 10 SHILLINGS).

The inscription on the note reads: "Ten million marks will be paid at the Counting-house of the Reichsbank in Berlin, to the person presenting this banknote. It can be called in on and after September 1, 1923, and in exchange other legal currency will be issued." Dated Berlin, July 25, 1923.—[Photograph by P.N.A.]

German Government, on the day when peace was signed, had thrown overboard the paper-money plank. But it continued—without attempting to hide what it was doing—to print banknotes night and day. From the end of 1919 it became evident that Germany was about to be submerged in an overwhelming flood of paper money. The growth of the inundation was announced each month throughout the whole world by thousands of competent observers. Why did universal opinion during those two years imagine that it would be possible to dry up that deluge? I have never prided myself on any authority or understanding of financial affairs. This time, however, the speculation seemed to me to be so absurd that I tried at least to dissuade my friends from buying marks; for in Florence also there was a moment when everyone bought them with enthusiasm. I am forced to admit that on this first occasion my efforts as financial adviser were without success. I remember specially a brilliant officer who, after having won several medals in fighting against the Germans,

lost a part of his modest fortune by believing in their currency. One day, when I tried to demonstrate to him the impossibility of a rise, he quoted to me the name of a great Italian financier who had invested four million lire in marks. His example appeared to be more convincing to him than my arguments.

After a war in which Germany had risked and lost her whole fortune; after a Peace Treaty which took from her rich territories and imposed heavy charges; after a revolution which changed her political régime—replacing one of the strongest European monarchies by the most feeble of republics—this confidence in the German currency, which no extravagance in finance has been able to shake during nearly two years, was really an extraordinary paradox. Could the loser in the World War have possibly imagined a more unexpected homage on the part of the whole world, and even of her enemies? By a strange contradiction, after having for four years cursed the Germans as the Huns of the twentieth century and barbarians destructive of modern civilisation, once the peace was signed, Europe and America recognised that the German people were the most active and the most powerful among the reconstructors of the world.



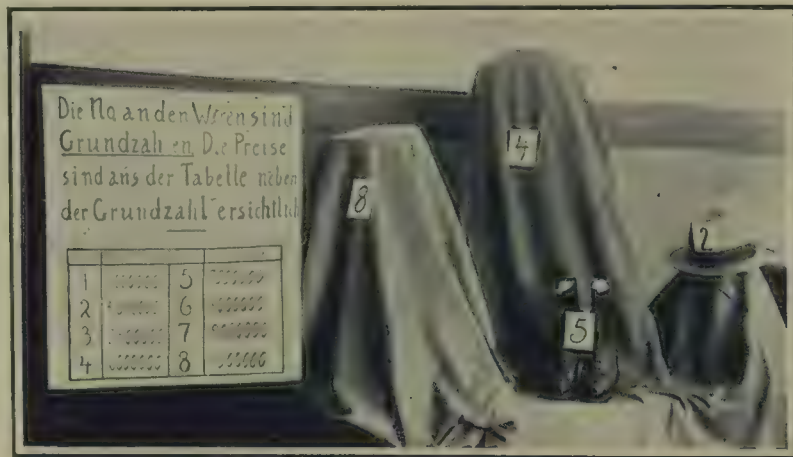
PAPER MONEY ISSUED BY GERMAN INDUSTRIAL FIRMS TO PAY WAGES: A 2-MILLION MARK NOTE OF A LARGE IRON-WORKS.

In consequence of the collapse of the mark and the scarcity of banknotes, the great works of the Rhineland have to pay their employees in their own paper money. The inscription on the above reads: "This note has been issued by us to relieve the present lack of ready money. The payment at our Counting-house, after recall, will be made on September 15, 1923; at the latest. For the payment of this note we take full responsibility." [Photograph by Matthäus, Cologne.]

universal speculation placed in it. Until the first half of 1921 the fall of the mark multiplied the number of its buyers in the whole world.

It would be interesting to know what sum the Germans realised by buying pounds, dollars, Scandinavian crowns, Swiss and French francs, Argentine pesos, and Italian lire, with notes which at the end of three years would not even be worth the paper on which they were printed. I should not be surprised if alarming figures were reached. I read recently in a serious London financial newspaper that it was calculated that the sums invested in German marks by the United States alone after 1919 amounted to nearly a milliard dollars, or about five milliards of gold francs—that is to say, the amount of the 1871 indemnity!

If I am to judge by what I see around me, I must conclude that the "haute finance" was not more far-sighted than the small investor. Yet there have been few matters of which the issue was less doubtful. If no one was able to foresee in 1919 or 1920 that three years would suffice to bring about the catastrophe with which we are faced to-day, no special science was necessary to predict the growing depreciation of German currency, which, interrupted by a few rare recoveries, would last for many years! A little common sense would have been sufficient. Truthfulness prevents us from accusing the Germans either of perfidy or of fraudulent manoeuvres in this matter. Since 1919 they have proclaimed the giddy figures of their deficit and of their new issues of banknotes to the four winds of heaven. All the German newspapers publish these figures each week; many of the foreign newspapers reproduce them. Germany, from an economical point of view, has committed a kind of *hara-kiri*, which was partly imposed upon her by circumstances and partly calculated and intentional.



THE NEW METHOD OF MARKING PRICES IN BERLIN SHOPS: NUMBERS CORRESPONDING TO A TABLE OF FIGURES.

As the value of the mark changes from day to day, goods in German shops are now marked with numbers corresponding to a variable table, instead of with the actual prices. The notice on the left states: "The numbers shown on the goods represent basis figures. The prices corresponding to these basis figures may be ascertained from the table." The four columns below are headed (from left to right): "Basis Figures. Prices in Marks. Basis Figures. Prices in Marks."

with anxiety, but without surprise, that German industry, aided by science—and especially by chemistry—had surpassed itself in prodigies for eliminating the inconveniences of the blockade, and that Germany had found formidable weapons to counterbalance the inferiority of her Continental situation. It was the same energy, the same imagination, the same perseverance, the same trust in work and science, which

(Continued on Page 500.)



# THE ITALIAN BOMBARDMENT AND OCCUPATION OF CORFU.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND TOPICAL.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF CORFU BY THE ITALIAN FLEET: THE DREADNOUGHT "CONTE DI CAVOUR," THE FLAG-SHIP OF VICE-ADMIRAL SOLARI, WHO WAS IN COMMAND OF THE SQUADRON, WITH ANOTHER ITALIAN WAR-SHIP, THE "SAN GIORGIO."



MURDERED IN GREECE: (L. TO R.) LIEUT. BONACINI, GEN. TELLINI, SURGEON-MAJ. CORTI



ON BOARD AN ITALIAN WAR-SHIP WHICH BOMBARDED CORFU: A GUN READY FOR ACTION.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF CORFU: ADMIRAL SIMONETTI, COMMANDING IN THE IONIAN AND LOWER ADRIATIC.



AFTER THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF CORFU: THE OLD FORT OF THE CHIEF TOWN, WITH THE ITALIAN FLAG FLYING OVER IT.



CORFU IN ITALIAN HANDS PENDING THE EXACTION OF REPARATIONS FROM GREECE FOR THE MURDER OF GENRAL TELLINI AND HIS SUITE: ITALIAN SOLDIERS PATROLLING THE TOWN.

In a despatch from Corfu on August 31 a special correspondent of the "Times" stated: "At 4.50 this evening, ten units of the Italian Fleet arrived and, after ten minutes' notice to the British Consul, bombarded Corfu, hitting the two forts and the police school severely. The shots caused many casualties in the main fort, where were several hundred Armenian orphans under the care of the Lord Mayor's Fund and several thousand refugee women and children. The Italians are landing troops. . . . Most of the dead and wounded are Greek and Armenian refugees, of whom there are about fifteen dead in the large fort." The occupation of Corfu

was a sequel to the murder in Greece of the Italian General Tellini, and the two other officers shown with him in the above photograph, together with their interpreter and their chauffeur. An official Italian statement said, regarding the landing at Corfu: "By this purely temporary measure Italy does not intend to commit an act of war, but simply to maintain her prestige and show her inflexible intention to enforce the reparations due to her." It was reported on September 10 that Italy would only be prepared to evacuate Corfu "as soon as Greece shall have given full and final execution of all the reparations determined."



## SPORT WHICH RECENTLY BEGAN IN THE ROYAL FORESTS NEAR BALMORAL: DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. D. ARMOUR.



A HAPPY MOMENT IN THE DEER-STALKER'S LIFE: "AN EASY SHOT," BY G. D. ARMOUR.

Deer-stalking began in the royal forests near Balmoral after the King had returned thither on September 1 from May Hall, where he had been grouse-shooting as the guest of The Mackintosh. The condition of the deer in September, and the size of the antlers, depends largely, it is said, on what the weather has been in the previous winter and subsequent months, as affecting the animals' ability to obtain food. Last April, owing to the comparative warmth of the winter, stalkers were saying that the deer had never been known to be in better condition. May, however, brought frosts and prolonged snowstorms, and cold winds lasted well into

June, so that grass was scarce at a time when stags need all the nourishment they can get for the growth of their horns. The change to warmth towards the end of June made the grass rich and abundant, and it is expected that the heads now to be obtained will prove well above the average, although the great promise of the spring was lost to some extent. Deer-stalking is a sport that is both arduous and exciting. The utmost skill and generalship are necessary to prevent the quarry from getting wind of its pursuers.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]





## SET A THIEF—



## VII. A MUG'S GAME.

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "The Mind Healers," "John Temple," and "Spacious Days."

THE gloom of a London Sunday morning in February lay heavy on the spirits of Mr. Tony Darrell. He had not seen London for many years, and he would not have been there on this dismal day, had not the New York police, on releasing him from the Penitentiary, given him an invitation, too pressing to be refused, to return to his native land. It wanted an hour to the time when the public-houses would open. Then he would be able to find warmth, refreshment, and perhaps an opportunity of following his trade of confidence-trick expert. Till then he had nowhere to go and nothing to do.

As he wandered listlessly down a dreary street, his eye was caught by a placard outside the door of what looked like a converted picture theatre.

COME ALL YE THAT ARE WEARY.

Short Service. Bright Hymns.

STRAIGHT TALKS TO SINNERS.

Preacher: Mr. Albert Mayo.

At that psychological moment snow began to fall, and for the first time in his life, Tony voluntarily entered a place of worship.

As he looked round after taking his seat, he could almost have imagined himself once more in a prison chapel. For business purposes he was accustomed to divide mankind into two main classes, mugs and crooks, and it was quite obvious to him—skill in reading faces was essential to his trade—that a large part of the congregation belonged to the crook class. Mugs were there, too; some well dressed, some shabby. Tony, scrutinising the faces of the latter, divined that some of them were there merely to gratify curiosity, and some to worship. He decided to waylay one of the most prosperous-looking of the latter after the service and see if he could work a hard-luck story. Meanwhile, he blessed the snow for opening to him a field that might prove more profitable and easier to work than public-houses.

When he turned his attention to the man in the pulpit, his astonishment deepened. Hitherto he had supposed that all sky-pilots, from bishops to Salvationists, belonged without exception to the mug class. But this man looked like a crook. On his face were the lines that the eternity of a term of penal servitude leaves. Moreover, he talked like a crook. He used thieves' slang freely. Tony was puzzled at first. He wondered whether the preacher who talked so glibly about pinching, cly-faking, and crib-cracking could possibly be a crook converted into a mug. But as he listened, he became more and more convinced that Mr. Albert Mayo was a crook, a master-crook, a prince in Tony's own particular trade of bunco-steering.

It was not one of those occasions on which Albert Mayo preached one of the famous sermons that often had power to snatch a criminal from a life of crime or turn an idle sensation-monger into an ardent philanthropist. Once a quarter it was his habit, instead of preaching from a text, to give what he called an account of his stewardship. He began by stating the amounts of the money he had received during the past three months from collections in the chapel and from the donations of well-wishers; and the figures he read out seemed to Tony to indicate that bunco-steering in the guise of a sky-pilot must be a very profitable lay. Then he read details of expenditure on such uninteresting matters as heating, lighting, cleaning, and rent; but, according to Mayo's account, most of the money had been given freely,

almost lavishly, to other crooks. He gave particulars of these, referring to each recipient by his initials.

*C. W.: Seaman.—Just out of twelve months' hard for bashing the mate of a steamer. I got him the chance of a job on a trawling-smack, and spent five pounds on a pair of sea-boots for him.*

*H. S.: Casual labourer and pick-pocket.—Had not been pinched for a year or more, but found grace in this chapel and wanted to go straight. I fixed him up with a hired barrow and three pounds' worth of old packing-cases so as he could try his luck hawking firewood.*

*T. D.: Motor mechanic and burglar.—A skilled workman. He wanted a show doing odd job repair work, and so I bought him two pounds' worth of tools.*

Not for a moment did Tony believe that these repentant sinners had any actual existence, but he realised their value as baits for the well-dressed mugs in the congregation to swallow. He wondered whether it would be possible to threaten, bluff, or coax Mayo into taking him into some sort of partnership.

When the harmonium wheezed out the opening bars of the "Glory Song," a man put a bag into Tony's hand and asked him to help take up the collection. It was part of Mayo's policy to enlist, as sidesmen, new visitors to his chapel. He thought that the implied trust might act as a tonic to the consciences of men who were swithering between continuing a life of crime or turning over a new leaf. And his permanent honorary pew-opener had instructions to hand offertory-bags to newcomers who looked as if they had a past to live down. As he marked the passage of the bag from hand to hand, Tony noted with renewed astonishment the generosity of many of the alms-givers, and became more than ever anxious to try his hand at Mayo's own particular branch of the bunco-steering industry. But while he waited for Mayo to come out of the chapel, his ambition cooled, and it seemed more prudent to stick to the branch of the profession to which he was accustomed. He saw a chance—the idea appealed to his sense of humour—to make the bogus sky-pilot his victim. Mayo had spoken from the pulpit of a reserve fund that he was trying to build up for the ultimate purchase of the chapel. Five hundred pounds was the sum required. Of this he had in four years contrived to set aside two hundred. And he invited the congregation to do all it could towards raising the balance. Tony was not interested in whether Mayo would ever get the three hundred pounds he asked for. But he decided to make a big effort to rob him of the two hundred.

When the revivalist came out at last, the confidence-trick expert ran up to him.

"Mr. Mayo, I want to shake hands with you," he said eagerly. "I really must. I insist. I have just come back to my dear native land after weary years of exile, and this morning Providence guided me to your chapel. I am amazed—I am overjoyed to learn from your lips of the great work you are doing for the fallen. I felt that I could not go away without shaking you by the hand and offering my mite."

Mayo pocketed the two half-crowns that Tony pressed into his hand. He did not look particularly gratified. He knew the value of the work he was doing, and he did not care to be flattered by a man who looked like a cross between a bookmaker and a prosperous East-End publican. He felt inclined to tell Tony that he might have found a less ostentatious way of contributing to the chapel expenses. But he could not refuse the money without injustice to those who came to him for help. He accepted it grimly,

and made a note of the amount in his pocket-book.

"Shall we walk on?" suggested Tony. "There's a whole heap I want to say. I believe that in my humble way I can be of great service to you. I am the confidential secretary of a very rich American, a multi-millionaire, whose one object in life is to distribute his great fortune in charity. He has a great opinion of me, and if ever I point out a way in which his money would be well spent he comes down with a handsome sum. The amount is no object to him. He'll sign a cheque for ten thousand pounds as readily as for two thousand, or even a mere fiver. All he wants to make sure of before he antes up—subscribes, I mean—is that the man to whom he gives the money will spend it in charity. I'm going to bring him to your evening service to-day. Once he has seen you for himself you'll have no difficulty in getting all you want out of him."

Mayo no longer looked indifferent. There was a gleam in his eye that Tony mistook for the fire of greed.

"The woodwork of the chapel badly needs painting," he said. "And how to get it done without drawing on my reserve fund is puzzling me. The estimate is eighteen pounds ten shillings."

"Consider it done," said Tony heartily. "I'll speak to my employer and bring the money to-night."

Mayo paused outside the door of a house in the ground-floor window of which stood an aspidistra, the outward and visible sign in London of inward furnished apartments of a certain class.

"Will you come in and have a bite to eat?" he said.

Tony seldom neglected the chance of eating at someone else's expense, but he was afraid that if he talked too long some unguarded word might spoil the excellent impression he believed he had created. Besides, there was strenuous work ahead of him, and little time in which to do it. He had command at the moment of exactly eight pounds four shillings. By seven o'clock in the evening he must have eighteen pounds ten shillings. There was a balance of ten pounds six shillings that must somehow or other be found in a short six hours.

"I won't come in now," he said. "I'm all impatience to get back to the Ritz and tell my employer about you. Some other time, if you'll be good enough to ask me." He grasped Mayo's hand again, and hurried off in the direction of the nearest Tube station.

Sunday is not a good day on which to raise money in London, especially for one whose credit is best among those who know him least, and for Tony to attempt to get the required sum by his usual methods in so short a time was out of the question. The confidence trick needs careful plans and often prolonged negotiations. Twenty minutes later he was in Houndsditch, picking his way among the barrows that line the kerbs of Middlesex Street and adjoining alleys. The Jews' open-air Sunday market was nearly over. The crowd was thinning. The hawkers of the Newgate Calendar had gone. The vendors of sauerkraut and pickled cucumbers were going. The old-clothes dealers were packing up their wares. Tony beckoned one of these into a side street, where only a litter of dirty newspapers, banana peel, and fish-heads remained of the morning's traffic, and began to negotiate for the sale of his watch, his tie-pin, and his rings.

There are two salient features about a Petticoat Lane merchant. However poor he may look, he has always money hidden somewhere about his person; and whatever may be his usual line of business, he



can always be tempted, under protest, to embark on some other. The merchant whom Tony had selected protested that jewellery was both out of his line and a drag in the market, but expressed his willingness, merely to oblige Tony, to see what he had got. When he saw it he exhibited a disconcerting knowledge of its value. The stone in the tie-pin, he said, was imitation, and its gold only nine carat; the rings were of base metal gilded; the watch was of rolled gold, the watch-chain hollow—and three pounds ten shillings was the utmost he could give for the lot. If Tony had some presentable second-hand clothes. . .

Tony spoke with enthusiasm of his wardrobe, made an appointment with the old-clothes dealer to meet him on the same spot two hours later, and hurried off to his lodgings in Camden Town. As he let himself in, the smell of roast beef and cabbage that lingered on the stairs, though the midday meal was over, set his appetite clamouring. But he dared not ask for a meal. To do so it would have been necessary to wake his landlady from her Sunday afternoon nap, and it was on that nap that he was depending to get his suit-case out of the house without being asked to pay what he owed. He was very hungry indeed when he got back to Houndsditch, and disappointment met him again. Though his suit-case was a good one and the clothes well cut—a good appearance is necessary in Tony's profession—the dealer, after prolonged haggling, would only give him six pounds five shillings for suit-case, suits, clothes, boots, underclothing, and a clock that had stood on the mantelpiece of the bedroom at his lodgings. When the bargain was concluded Tony had three hours in which to find a balance of eleven shillings; and though he racked his brain till he was bewildered, though he searched for mugs till he was footsore, he still lacked that sum when, hungry, weary, and heartsick, he sank into a seat at the Eglinton Street Chapel. For his immediate purpose seventeen pounds nine shillings was of no more use than sevenpence three-farthings.

But he showed no sign of his heart-sickness when, after the service, he waylaid Mayo again.

"I've got great news for you! Splendid news!" he exclaimed. "I brought my employer here this evening. He was tremendously impressed. He said that he'd have given me that eighteen pounds ten to give to you at once, but he met a deserving case this morning that took all the cash he had on him. You shall have it to-morrow without fail. You can count on it as surely as if it were already in your pocket. But that is only the least of it. He had to hurry off to keep an engagement, but he told me to tell you that he will make up the balance of your reserve fund—three hundred pounds, isn't it?—so as to put you into smooth water at once. He even wondered," Tony clutched Mayo's arm and whispered hoarsely into his ear, "he wondered whether you would care to accept from him a suitable stipend."

Mayo's face showed no sign of joy at his good fortune, but he again invited Tony to come and eat. This time Tony accepted. As he stodged cold boiled pork, pickled onions and American cheese, he drew roseate pictures of a glorious future in which he, Mayo, and the unseen millionaire were to work hand in hand for the good of mankind.

"But there's just one thing I must warn you about," said Tony at the end of the meal. "My employer is a business man as well as a philanthropist, and though he has implicit confidence in my honesty, he sometimes doubts my judgment. I'll get him here to-morrow if I can, and if he comes, he'll certainly bring his cheque-book with him. But he's certain to ask for proof that you've already got that two hundred pounds. What you'd better do is to draw it out of the bank, or wherever it is, and have it all handy to show him. What time shall I bring him to-morrow? Ten o'clock in the evening? Right. Then you can take it from me that by that time to-morrow your chapel will have all its troubles behind it."

Tony was so well satisfied with the progress he had made that after leaving Mayo he recklessly drew on his precious capital to the extent of the price of three whiskies. An economical fit supervened, and he passed the night in an establishment that advertised: "Good beds—6d." Next day, having nothing more to sell, he was driven reluctantly to seek a sleeping partner to supply the small amount of capital he lacked. In this he had no success, but at the last moment he found a barman of speculative tastes willing to lend fifteen shillings on the understanding that he was to be paid five pounds within twenty-four hours. Tony spent the whole of the extra eighteenpence in a cheap eating-house—if Mayo offered him another meal, it would not do to eat ravenously—and then, with a heart oscillating between wild hopes and chilling fears, made his way to the revivalist's lodgings.

From the very first moment of their conversation Tony had ill-defined misgivings, and it was with some difficulty that he counterfeited an air of boisterous altruism as he handed Mayo the promised eighteen pounds ten shillings. Without any effusive expressions of gratitude Mayo took the money, counted it, laid it on the table by his side, and wrote out a receipt.

Tony now moistened his lips, wished fervently that he could have a drink to steady his nerves, mastered his voice as well as he could, and approached the crucial point in his delicate negotiations.

"And now, about that Endowment Fund, Mr. Mayo," he said. "My employer was tremendously sorry that he could not come with me this evening. The Archbishop of Canterbury rang him up on the telephone at the last moment, and he had to go straight off to Lambeth. And to-morrow he's got to go north to see the Archbishop of York. He's

very much disappointed, because he wanted to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and of handing you the money himself. But you won't lose anything. The money's yours all right. If you'll just hand me that two hundred pounds now I'll slip round to the Ritz with it at once, show it to my employer to convince him that all's in order, and bring you the cheque to-morrow morning."

Mayo was disconcertingly silent. Tony cleared his throat and continued.

"For the matter of that, I might bring the money to-night if you don't mind waiting up a bit," he said as breezily as he could.

Still Mayo did not speak. Peter began to find the suspense intolerable.

"My boss trusted me with the money to give you," he said huskily. "What's the matter with your trusting me?"

Mayo sat back in his chair and sighed.

"Ever since you started to try and work the confidence-trick on me, I've had half a mind to put the police on you," he said. "But I won't—not if you'll be reasonable, that is—and I'll tell you why. So far as honesty goes, there's not a pin to choose between a confidence-trick spieler and the mug he does down. He would never bring the game off if the mug didn't think it was him as was going to do the swindling. You took me for a thief, Darrell, and you tried to string me on to think that I had a show to do this imaginary millionaire of yours out of three hundred pounds. If you hadn't thought me a thief, you'd have known that the chapel reserve fund is in the hands of trustees who would have been able to satisfy you or anyone else that it existed. Well, I'm not a thief—not since I found grace—but I'm not a mug either. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do in return for this money that's going to be put to a better use than you'd have put it to. I've made enquiries about your record at Scotland Yard, and I've found out that you were a ship's steward before you went on the cross. So I went down to the docks and hunted round till I found a skipper willing to give you a berth. Ocean-going tramp steamer, his ship is, *Star of the Sea*, lying in the Surrey Commercial Dock. You can go aboard any time and the skipper will sign you on to-morrow. She don't carry passengers, and the crew are pretty hard cases, so you won't have anyone to try your games on. Will you take the job?"

Tony's uneasy doubts had turned to definite disappointment while Mayo was speaking. Now his disappointment expressed itself in blind rage.

"Of all the pious, Psalm-singing hypocrites," he shouted, "you snivelling, canting, spicing, Bible-reading crawler, you! Give me back my money."

Mayo took the notes from the table, put them into a drawer, and turned the key.

"What do you think!" he said.

[THE END.]



SHOWING THE AMERICAN CONSULATE (RIGHT FOREGROUND, FLYING THE STARS AND STRIPES) AND THE GRAND HOTEL (EXTREME LEFT BACKGROUND) WHICH COLLAPSED IN THE EARTHQUAKE: YOKOHAMA AND THE BLUFF (RIGHT BACKGROUND).

In Yokohama the Grand and Oriental Hotels and the United Club, all on the Bund, were the first buildings to collapse in the earthquake. The British and American Consulates fell soon afterwards. The number of deaths at Yokohama were about 30,000, and the number of injured about 100,000; some 71,000 houses were

destroyed. It was estimated that over 200 foreigners lost their lives, most of whom were shopping in the down-town district. The foreign residential quarter was on the Bluff. The charred corpses were gathered temporarily on the site of the wrecked Grand Hotel.



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# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## CONCERNING ATOMS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THAT "the small things of this world confound the great" most of us will readily admit, if only to avoid a tiresome argument. This attitude of mind most of us have developed because we have drifted into a habit of despising small things. We cannot concentrate our attention on them because we have, unconsciously, persuaded ourselves that they are of no real importance. If they can possibly have any real interest for anybody, as objects of serious consideration, then they belong to the domain of the "man of science." And we are content with his presentation of such as may seem likely to interest the "mere layman."

In so far as the "small things" which the "high-brows" discuss are things which can be discussed in common speech, things which can be visualised, or measured and compared by ordinary standards of comparison, or seen under a microscope, well and good; there are sure to be some who will be "all eyes and ears."

Eager though they may be, however, they can, at best, but "see through a glass darkly." Tell them that the "white cliffs of Old England," so seemingly solid, are really made up of millions beyond computation of the shells of dead organisms cemented together, and they will, perhaps, be content to take the statement on trust. Show them, under the microscope, some of the milky sediment in the pools at the base of the cliff, sediment formed by the disintegration of the chalk, and they will be amazed at the variety and beauty of these discarnate bodies—so small as to be all but invisible to the naked eye. But there is nothing that need be taken on "faith," for they can be shown organisms exactly like them in a living state. And, moreover, dead shells are within the everyday experience of us all.

It is otherwise, however, when discussion turns on organisms so minute as to be invisible even under the highest powers of the microscope. Such, for example, are the germs of some diseases, known, on this account, as "filter-passers." Yet those skilled in bacteriology can handle these invisible particles with precision. To the uninitiated there is something of "black magic" in this. But conviction comes when the deadly powers of the filtrate come to be demonstrated.

Here, indeed, the domain of Pure Science is entered. Yet it is still possible to appeal, through the eye, to the imagination of those who are strangers within the fold. Infinitely thin slices, stained in various colours, of bone and muscle and nerve can be shown, which reveal the fact that the tissues of our bodies are made up of an infinitely great number of separate yet interlaced and interdependent bodies, which we call "cells." It can be shown that the essential part of each cell is its "nucleus." Every one of the cells which go to form the complex tissues that make up the bodies of animals and plants—as well as of such as consist of but a single cell—has a nucleus; therein lies the life of the cell. The tremendous part which the cell plays in sustaining life is best seen, perhaps, in the profoundly mysterious rôle it plays in ensuring the survival of the race—be it man or oak-tree. What is the mysterious something which pervades and animates this microscopic speck of jelly, enabling it to build up, in a few short months, that marvellous combination of bone and muscle and nerve, that exquisitely wrought body which is Man?

Whatever it be, that pin-point of a cell, with its vital nucleus, is, for the biologist, the Alpha and Omega. All the subtle and elusive chain of events

which follow, in orderly succession, in the building up of that body, all the stimuli necessary to ensure fulfilment, were enshrined within that speck. Surely, it would seem, we have in this an atom full to bursting.

But hand this over to the chemist and the physicist, and they will start anew to discover yet other permutations and combinations of structure, which belong to another "Universe of Discourse" outside the range of the investigations of the biologist, and even more



A REPTILE THAT RUNS ERECT: THE COLLARED LIZARD; ONE OF THE MORE BRILLIANTLY MARKED FORMS FOUND IN THE AMERICAN DESERT.

By Courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.

outside the experience of the layman, who must needs cultivate a new sense of values, a new mental vision, before he can even grope his way along the dark, mysterious paths which lie before him.

The chemist, we say, can tell us something of the composition of that speck of jelly. He can analyse, but he cannot synthesise. So many atoms of this, so many atoms of that, there may be. Make them up, after the manner of a doctor's prescription, and shake them up in a bottle—but nothing happens!

If man be made of "the dust of the earth," truly it is no ordinary dust. The white dust which under the microscope proved to be made up of exquisitely wrought shells, fashioned by living bodies millions of years ago, consists, from our every-day standpoint, of "dead" things, mere coherent particles of chalk. To the physicist this is far indeed from being true. These "dead shells," that "section of a rabbit's

This knowledge has been acquired only by long and laborious research. We have but to follow the records of the brilliant work of men like Aitken, Andrade, Bohr, Bragg, Crookes, Lenard, Lodge, Moseley, Rutherford and Schuster, for example, to realise this much. The substance of that work has just been ably summarised and amplified in Dr. Andrade's altogether admirable "Structure of the Atom,"\* and now we can learn the very latest results of these profound researches, through the medium of the British Association address of Sir Ernest Rutherford, one of the greatest living authorities on the structure of the atom, and one of the most distinguished investigators in that field. That address marks an epoch in the history of our knowledge of the atom.

It was only the other day that all matter was regarded as ultimately reducible to some eighty-seven species of "elements" made up of molecules, which, in turn, are formed of "atoms." Relatively to the atom, the molecule is a giant, though both alike, as we have remarked, are invisible, intangible entities.

The atom, one would have imagined, would indeed have proved the simplest possible particle which the mind of man could discover. So far from this being the case, however, these workers have shown that it consists of a complex nucleus surrounded by satellites, termed "electrons," or units of negative electricity, moving in definite orbits like so many planets revolving around the sun.

But more than this. The nuclear structure of the atom varies according to the element of which it forms a part. The nucleus of hydrogen has only one satellite electron; uranium has ninety-two. Helium has a nucleus formed only of hydrogen nuclei, together with electrons.

With knowledge of this kind as a foundation, Sir Ernest Rutherford employed radium—the rarest and most valuable of known substances—as a disintegrating agent to break up the various atoms of the elements used in his experiments, and with surprising results; for he has attained what the old alchemist vainly strove for—the transmutation of one chemical element into another. So far he has succeeded with six—boron, nitrogen, fluorine, sodium, aluminium, and phosphorus.

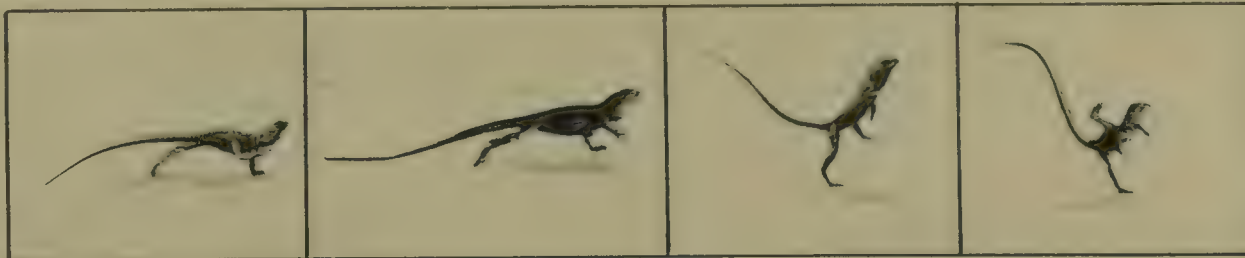
The disintegrating radio-active substance known as "Radium-c" throws out helium nuclei, and electrons. These missiles may be employed in the work of bombarding the atoms of other elements. Only a very few shots hit the mark, and only a small proportion penetrate the orbits of the satellite electrons and reach the nucleus itself. In this way he has succeeded, in the case

of the six elements referred to, in effecting his miracle of transmutation. Whenever a shot does take effect, it chips a piece of the nucleus—always a hydrogen nucleus, be it noted—and the remaining portion of the nucleus becomes a different element.

This story of the atom reads like a wonderful piece of

fiction. We are told of helium nuclei which shoot out what are known as alpha particles at a velocity of 12,000 miles a second, and—mass for mass—with about four hundred million times the velocity of a rifle bullet. Such are the "siege-guns" which Sir Ernest Rutherford has used in bombarding the fortresses of the, till now, impregnable atoms of the elements. But these are only the promises of things to come. The science of the atom is only yet in its infancy; it has a tremendous future.

\* "The Structure of the Atom." By E. N. da C. Andrade. (Bell and Sons; 1923.)



POSSIBLY A TRAIT INHERITED FROM THE GREAT DINOSAURS WHO LIVED ERECT MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO: THE COLLARED LIZARD OF THE AMERICAN DESERT REARS ON ITS HIND FEET WHILE RUNNING.

Describing reptiles found in the great desert in the south-west of the United States, Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars writes, in the New York "Zoological Society Bulletin," regarding the little collared lizard: "When alarmed they rear upon the hind feet and run erect for considerable distances. . . . The great dinosaurs lived their ponderous lives in an erect position . . . millions of years ago. Here perhaps is a trait handed down from the prehistoric giants."—[By Courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.]

tongue," stained in pretty colours and gummed down on a microscope slide that its vessels and nerves may be studied, are each and all alike made up of "molecules"; and the molecules are made up of "atoms," and the atoms, the smallest of all, are the most complex of all! No living eye has even seen a molecule, and the atom is infinitely smaller than that! Though invisible and intangible, yet the physicist will weigh it and tell the secrets of its inner parts with as much confidence as the biologist would describe to you the various organs, and their functions, in a dead frog pinned out on a dissecting-board.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE OLD GUARD AND LETTY LIND.—CISSIE LOFTUS.

THE old Gaiety Guard is rapidly waning. And each time that a leader departs it would seem that we suffer a personal loss. Some will explain it with the cold comfort that we were young when the old Gaiety radiated in its heydays, and that the brilliant reflection of the past is rather a mirage than a reality. It is a habit of age to lament, with a sigh: "Ah! how different things were in my youth!"—while the younger generation sets up its own gods in worship and will in due course repeat the same plaint. But, for all that, it remains true that the great *comédiennes* of burlesque and operette, as well as the famous actor-managers of the time headed by Irving and Tree, were not only popular idols of a period, but have become a kind of imperishable tradition which fills a momentous chapter in the history of our stage. Theirs was the unique gift of individuality, which, coupled with that other indefinable dower, personality, dominates all sorts of men and women—or, as we used to say, the masses as well as the classes. I will not go so far as to say that among the musical-comedy actors of to-day there are not some equally favoured and equally feted; but, particularly on the fair side of the artists, there is a lack of outstanding talent as well as a sameness of type. Unless one takes a special interest in musical plays, one hardly remembers the features and the names of many leading ladies. Even a librettist with whom I discussed the subject the other day, when he was in quest of a heroine and could not find her, admitted that Miss So-and-So and Miss X, both very charming actresses and singers in their way, conveyed nothing to him but a blurred picture of agreeable bloneness and a well-trimmed figure. "If I saw them in the street," he said, "I would not know which was which; they are stereotypes, not types of marked idiosyncrasies. Hence the vogue of José Collins: in her Oriental splendour, she is a peak in a chain of hillocks."

That was not so between the 'eighties and the twentieth century. What is now the exception was then the rule. I could reel off a long list of names, beginning with Kate Vaughan and Nellie Farren and not ending with Letty Lind, who died the other day, every one of which meant a "somebody," detached, individual, commanding. Nor was it perfection of art or distinction of refinement which made their popularity. Some were capital singers and indifferent players; some capital actors and poor singers; some exquisite dancers and no more than that; and when they united all the talents their sway over the public was so great that their names became household words, their likenesses adorning the mantelpiece of every correct young man of the world and even the boudoirs of all sorts and conditions of girls—a living picture in the minds of people who generally took but slender interest in the world of the theatre.

Take Letty Lind, with whom we all fell in love in her Gaiety and Geisha days. Sculpturally and lineally she was not exactly beautiful. Her voice was small and husky; her dancing, exquisitely graceful, was of archaic simplicity; and as an actress she was more attractive by her somewhat bashful naïveté than by technical *savoir-faire*. Yet the moment she

appeared there was spell! It was as if an elf had strayed from an enchanted island and found herself bewildered among every-day mortals. That husky little voice of hers cosied us like a lullaby; her dancing charmed us as the flutter of a butterfly; her acting, just a little *gauche* and halting and ever illuminated by a smile of sweet yet arch innocence, made us say inwardly—"What a dear! so *petite*, so frail, so constantly reminiscent of the ivy clinging to the oak." Who would ever forget her in "Carmen Up-to-Date,"

up the indescribable and unapproachable fascination of the original. How often, when seeing a musical play of later years, have we not said: "A Letty Lind part"? And we would see her in her lissomeness, her grace, her witchery; how she would have done it in her day. But the parts we may have, the player cannot be replaced. There was but one Letty Lind, and she has left us a memory for all heritage.

It is welcome news that Miss Cissie Loftus will return to the stage. She is sailing for America in October, and before that she will appear for a week or two at the Palladium. She is, as everybody knows, the greatest "imitator" in England, perhaps in the world. Sarah Bernhardt (who in her later years was not particularly fond of seeing herself burlesqued), struck with Cissie Loftus's reincarnation talent—and her beautiful French—gave her special leave and license to study her ways not only in public but in private, and she promised during her stay in London "to get a vision of myself through you." She was as good as her word: the great Sarah was in a box at the Coliseum when Cissie Loftus imitated *la voix d'or*. I saw her from the stalls: she beamed with joy and was the first to lead the applause. Afterwards she went into Cissie's dressing-room and complimented her effusively, and when leaving said to a companion, in that inimitable way of hers, "You know that I enjoyed myself as much as if she had been Sarah and I the imitator."

It is interesting to learn how Miss Loftus "photographs" her subjects—and in her gallery are all manner of stars, from the music-hall and musical comedy to the "legitimate" headed by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, perhaps her masterpiece of humour after the Bernhardt skit. First of all she makes a point of seeing all the plays that are running. She carefully follows the acting and makes a note of the peculiarities of artists. Having made her round, she selects her victims and then begins work in earnest. Day after day, sometimes twice a day, she goes to the theatre or hall and studies and assimilates the characteristics of the artist selected. She memorises the words, the intonations, the movements. But as, of course, she can only reproduce fragments, she writes a condensed version of songs or scenes, learns it by heart, and practises at home before a mirror. Each visit to a performance adds details, and all details are carefully mirrored and added to the outline. At length, when, as it were, the mental plate is fixed and developed, she rehearses on the stage, and allows a friend or two to sit in judgment. It is an art *à part* which demands a quick eye, a keen intellect, and a very musical ear. But the real ambition of Cissie Loftus is not imitation, but to act herself. She feels that she has the equipment of an emotional actress, and her heart's desire is to give, on her return from America, a production of Ibsen's *Nora* in "The Doll's House"—long since planned, in her own words, "to show what there is in me and—in aid of a good cause and of artists who need a helping hand in hours of darkness . . ."



AMERICA'S GREAT TREK-OF 1848 PICTURED IN "THE COVERED WAGON," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE LONDON PAVILION: AN IMMENSE CARAVAN OF "PRAIRIE SCHOONERS" ON THEIR 2000-MILE TRAIL THAT OPENED UP THE WEST.

"The Covered Wagon"—a Paramount production on a big scale—is a film picture of American pioneering days, telling the story of the "Great Trek" of 1848, which led to the foundation of the State of Oregon and the opening up of the West. It shows the immense caravan on its 2000-mile trail from the starting-point, where now stands Kansas City.

"Ruy Blas," "Monte Cristo Junior"? Once she had a song about a parrot, and in mimicry, with flapping arms and limbs perched stark, she created the make-believe of the bird in various moods. For aught I know it was a silly song, but Letty Lind's gentle art made it the song of the season. It was cock-a-doodled in the street and in the country—not to have heard Letty sing it was to be out of the running. The play in which it appeared is long since forgotten; the song, too, was unrecalled except when the name of Letty Lind cropped up—as it often did, in spite of her years of retirement—and then it was a case of "Do you remember her in the Cock-a-doodle?"



"PIONEERS, O PIONEERS!" THE ARRIVAL OF THE HARDY COLONISTS IN OREGON—A SCENE FROM "THE COVERED WAGON," THE GREAT AMERICAN FILM AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

On the left in the foreground is a group of the principals, representing types of the great-hearted pioneers who founded Oregon, braving the perils of prairie fires and attacks of Indians. From left to right are Miss Lois Wilson as the heroine, Molly Wingate, Mr. John Fox as her brother Jed, Miss Ethel Wales as her mother, and Mr. Charles Ogle as her father, Jesse Wingate.

Hers was eminently the gift of individuality combined with personality referred to. She was unique. Time after time young artists have tried to follow, to imitate, to replace her, but the copy ever conjured



# VICTIMS OF THE UPHEAVAL CAUSED BY THE WORLD WAR.



*Otto Zita*

BEARING THEIR SIGNATURES: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EX-EMPRESS ZITA AND HER ELDEST SON, OTTO.

Italian papers recently stated that the ex-Empress Zita, widow of the late ex-Emperor Charles, who died in exile at Madeira, was seeking to sell one of the last of the Austrian Crown jewels deposited by him in a Swiss bank when he was raising money for his final attempt at restoration. The jewel in question is the famous Florentine Diamond, which once belonged to Charles the Bold, and is estimated to be worth 30 million lire. The Italian Government, it was reported, legally warned the ex-Empress that the Italian State maintained its rights, under international conventions, in various articles which were formerly in the possession of the Crown of Tuscany and were transported to Vienna in

the eighteenth century. Among them, besides the diamond, were valuable manuscripts in the Library of Modena, including the Breviarium Romanum and the Officium Beatae Virginis. The ex-Empress was warned not to dispose of these objects, and that any sale of them would be declared null and void. At the same time a warning was issued to the public not to purchase any of her jewellery, as the Italian Government had a prior claim to certain jewels in her possession. It may be recalled that the late Emperor married Princess Zita of Bourbon-Parma in 1911. She was left with five sons and one daughter. The eldest boy, born in 1912, is known to Austrian Legitimists as Otto I.



## WHERE MUD IS SACRED: STRANGE RITES AT AN ISLANDED SIKH SHRINE.

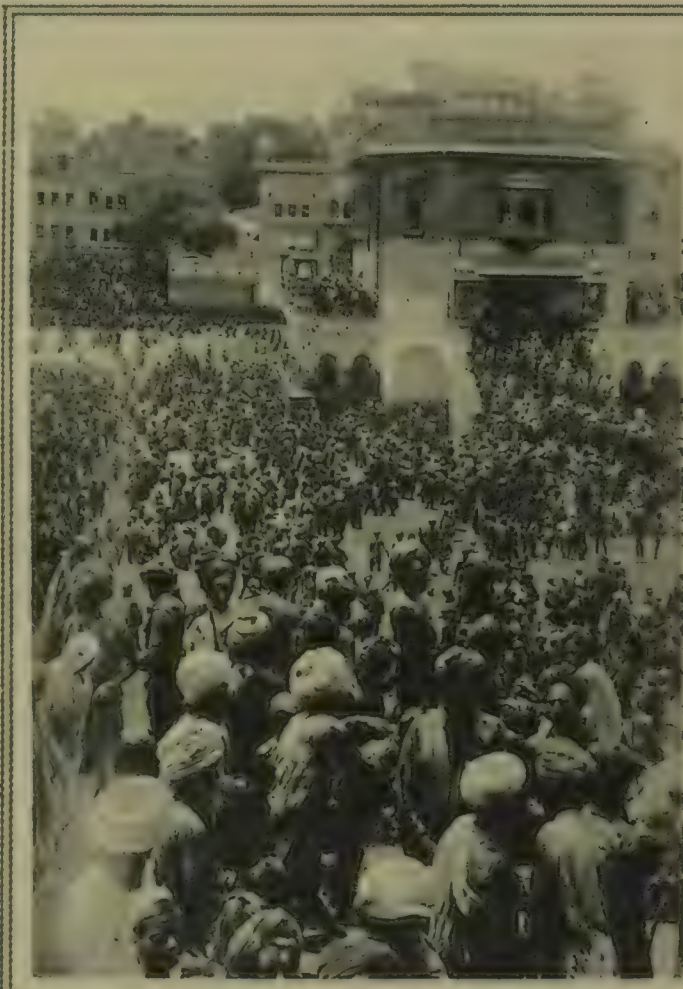
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HASHESHAH NATH CHOPRA.



THE CEREMONIAL CLEARANCE OF MUD FROM THE SACRED WATER ROUND THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF VISHNU AT AMRITSAR: THE SCENE WHILE SIKH NOTABLES SHOVELLED IT WITH GOLD SPADES INTO SILVER VESSELS, AND DEVOTEES STRUGGLED TO OBTAIN A HANDFUL TO CHERISH AS A PRECIOUS HEIRLOOM.

"THE Temple of Vishnu at Amritsar," says a French correspondent at Lahore, writing in July, "is made of gold. This temple, which is a marvel of architecture and sculpture, is situated in the middle of an immense pool, which isolates it in its magnificence. Needless to say, its water is, for the believers, as sacred as that of the Jordan is to Christians. But the lake of the Amritsar Temple sometimes needs to be cleaned out, as it is little by little choked with mud. The cleaning of the lake is a religious ceremony, of whose imposing character the photographs give but a slight idea. It is also a very rare occurrence, as the last one was performed nearly a century ago, when the Sikhs were still a ruling power in their own country. On June 17 the work of cleaning began, and was the occasion of a great manifestation. From every part of the Punjab, even from the depths of the jungle, Sikhs flocked in multitudes to Amritsar. Special trains had to be run, in which the pilgrims were closely packed, some finding room on the foot-boards, the tender, and even on the

[Continued opposite.



GATHERED IN THEIR THOUSANDS FOR RITES SIKH PILGRIMS AT THE

[Continued.]

engine. It is reckoned that more than 300,000 devotees took part in the festival, and followed barefoot the ritual procession that preceded the ceremony. The column of pilgrims was more than three miles long. Five persons of high rank, known as the 'Well-beloved,' inaugurated the work of digging, and amongst them was the Maharajah of Patiala, one of the chief ruling princes in the Punjab. The shovels which these august labourers used to remove the mud were made of gold, and the receptacles in which they collected it were of silver. The crowd thronged the temple walls, some crawling in the mud, or sinking in it up to their knees, and even waists, in their efforts to get near the place where the five 'Well-beloved' were, so that they could take away, as soon as the ceremony had begun, a little mud from the sacred reservoir. This mud they will keep in their homes, and they will leave it to their descendants. And every hour of every day since the 17th of June has seen the same fervour, the same ritual observances performed by thousands and thousands of Sikhs."

PERFORMED ONLY ABOUT ONCE A CENTURY: GOLDEN TEMPLE OF VISHNU.

The Sikhs, as to whose shrines there has been considerable agitation since the war, are not a race, but a brotherhood, originally religious, but later military in character. A Sikh (meaning literally a disciple) is a follower of Guru Nanak (1469-1539), who founded the Order. His aim was partly to protest against the ritualism of Brahminical Hinduism, and partly to reconcile the religious differences of Hindus and Mohammedans. After the Sikh Wars and the annexation of the Punjab in 1847, the Sikhs accepted the British Raj and were loyal in the Indian

Mutiny. In order to protect their religious customs, the Punjab Government made the Deputy Commissioner of the Amritsar District *ex-officio* President of the Golden Temple, or "Durbar Sahib," as the Sikhs call it. In the Great War they responded splendidly to the appeal for fighting men. The Sikh shrine agitation in the Punjab has latterly been followed by terrorism on the part of a revolutionary gang, known as the Babar Akalis; but the Government has taken active steps to suppress them.





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# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

SCOTCH mist, when caught out in it, is a thing about which one can be wholeheartedly and conscientiously disgusted. Arriving in the Highlands in the early morning, and seeing it from the windows of what a Continental traveller described as one of the most comfortable sleeping-carriages in the world, there was a kind of beautiful welcome North about it. It drove down the hills, and the trees about Killiecrankie looked ghostly and magnified as those must have looked to the foe when the clansmen cut them down, carried them, and advanced behind them. Then there was a bright light, and then the vales were clear and the heather in its lovely colours of pink and rose and purple—now splendid, for all things are later this year—gave brilliant colour to gorgeous bits of scenery. Blair Athole, where French guests of the present Danish occupants, M. and Mme. de Michfeldt, alighted in the chill of the early morning, looked splendid, and the mist gave more magnificence to Glen Tilt than it always possesses as it flitted through, now clearing, now gathering, with fine lights between. Up and up we climbed to Dalnaspiddal, the highest point of the railway, 1400 feet above sea-level, and where an engine was shed.

The train was, I believe, the first to take the Carr Bridge route to Inverness since the damage wrought by the cloud-burst and floods some little time ago. We went very slowly, and we saw the great tracts swept by the water, and the tents of the men out making repairs, like those of an encampment of Boy Scouts. The train was full of people, including the Kent Cricket Eleven going to play the North of Scotland. They left at Aviemore, their sleepers having been hitched on to the other train, although breakfast, handed in at Kingussie, had been discussed, and everyone was up and looking out at the Cairngorms and the curious pranks played among them by the mist. We passed Moy, where the King had been shooting a few days back, and kept dropping men and women, guns and dogs, and then reached Inverness, where it was pouring heavily and persistently. "Mail from the south is an hour late and your train on won't start for an hour and a half" was the cheering news we got. When we did get off it was a crowded train, and the restaurant car—an innovation—was in such demand that passengers for Dornoch were much exercised lest the second service should not be ready

day was one of the most beautiful I ever remember—the colour of the hills and the sea superb, the air like draughts of dry champagne, and the sun so hot that sitting out was a positive joy. As yet the rivers are

ride and bathe and have expeditions with their parents, who are only four miles away. Viscount Castlereagh, who will come of age in November, is at Uppat, at Dunrobin, and other places for shooting and stalking.

The Duke of Sutherland has let his Loch Choire lodge this season, and is shooting on the hills round Dunrobin, extending over many miles. Young grouse are rather scarce this year, and the bags, although good, have a poor percentage of young birds. The deer are later than usual to get into the best condition, and it is seldom that the heather is so well in its prime so late in the year. Floods have filled the rivers, and when the rush of water is over they should be in good play. At present the banks are washed (worms with them), the fish are well fed, and the water is not clear enough for the flies to be properly tempting, so baskets are just now light. The anglers' perfect weather never comes, but he lives in hope of something more like it soon. It is also too sunny for him. As some people sit out basking in the heat tempered by fresh breezes, cool and delicious, whether off the sea or the heather, all he looks for are the clouds distasteful to others and the wind from the quarter that properly curls the water of the Loch for his purpose. If he happens to shoot, stalk, golf, and play tennis, he is not so complete an egotist; but the complete angler, male or female, regards all other form of sport as merely filling up time.

Dornoch is going strong. There is a large and well-run hotel there, and, as the links are splendid and in fine order, it always commands a large number of visitors. One of the curious things about people is how they enjoy being in numbers. Men and women who complain of the over-crowded condition of our post-war England, and honestly believe that they pine for quiet, seldom go to a wholly quiet place for a holiday. There are no bands, no promenade, no cheap amusements at Dornoch, so that it may be said to be comparatively quiet; still, there are so many people that it is not easy to get a round of golf, and motor-cars liven up the surrounding country. There are dances and bridge parties, and, as its admirers say, always something to do at Dornoch. No one nowadays looks on a holiday as a time fully licensed for doing nothing and proceeds to do it quite thoroughly. That there



Pleating is coming into its own, and this almond-green crêpe-de-Chine frock, embroidered with dull gold, is an advance guard of the autumn fashions.

in flood too much to be good for fishing. Grouse are plentiful, also deer and ground game. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are at Dunrobin, where the Duke and Duchess of York are expected—may, indeed, have arrived, for at Inverness we saw that the Duke of Sutherland's saloon was being made spick and span ready for some distinguished travellers. I think that the Duchess of York will find this far northern part of her country new to her. She will have a warm welcome to it.

The Bishop of London was in our little iron Episcopal Church of Scotland structure on Sunday, but as a member of the congregation. He has been fishing in the Shin, and knows this part of the world well, visiting it almost every autumn. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has also been fishing, did not get quite so far north. The Shin might be called the Bishops' River, so many have fished it. Parts of it are very beautiful, but these parts are not all of them easily fished, as there are trees each side to the water's edge at very narrow places. One of the loveliest is the salmon leap, where tons of foaming water rush down in a great fall. The fish leap up some forty feet and into the foam at the top on their way to Loch Shin. At times they miss and are swept back, and one imagines them disabled or discouraged. Not a bit of it: a salmon with an unmistakable mark on its side has been watched by me try three times and accomplish its object at the fourth. Quite small trout leap too, and just as perseveringly. It is noticeable that they evade the heaviest rush of water and jump at the sides.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland are at Langwell, where the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield and their two little girls are staying with them. The Duchess and her Grace of Sutherland met some days ago at a bazaar at Helmsdale, and on the 5th the Duchess of Sutherland opened one at Rogart. Even in the holiday season our great ladies do a bit of philanthropic work.

Viscount and Viscountess Chaplin are at Uppat, their beautifully situated lodge looking out over the sea, surrounded by pine-trees and heather. The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry are staying with them. As the house is not very large they have taken one at Brora for their three little girls and their nurses and governess. They love the place, and



A fashionable evening dress of brick-red crêpe-de-Chine, closely covered with crystal beadwork. The swathed belt is particularly interesting.

are a few such restful souls and bodies is a saving grace in the midst of life's bustle and rumours of wars, accidents, tragedies on giant scale, crimes, and malevolent and beneficent activities of all kinds.

A. E. L.



An attractive and typical example of the new autumn coat-frock, showing an original decoration of black giré braid.

before they had time to enjoy the meal. It was ready, but one heard nothing of enjoyment.

The weather in the North has been execrable, yet since our arrival it has been all right; the first





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For adults, Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness—Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.



## Fashions and Fancies.

### The Flounced Skirt.

Autumn fashions are rapidly crystallising, though many important matters have not yet been decided by the artists in dress on whom the responsibility rests, but already, out of the conflicting rumours to the effect that the skirt is to be both longer and shorter this year, one clear fact has emerged. The flounced apron skirt is to be the order of the day. Layer on layer of flounces, pleated whenever possible, adorn the front of the skirt, and in many of the most fashionable new models they are lifted on to one hip, so that the material drapes itself in long semi-circular lines which add height and slinness to the figure. In every



This pretty embroidered muslin bib fastens round the waist as well as at the neck. Steinmann's are the creators.



A charming pink crêpe-de-Chine coat and bonnet which hail from Steinmann's.

case the back of the skirt is plain, and as tightly swathed as possible. Coat-frocks, afternoon dresses, and evening dresses are all susceptible to the influence of this new mode, and even a number of coats bear its stamp. Where coats are concerned, however, the flouncing does not spring from



Everything for the baby has its home at Steinmann's, 185, Piccadilly, the well-known lace specialists responsible for this lovely christening robe of cream net and Valenciennes lace.

the waist, for the close-fitting silhouette is maintained to knee level, whence it flares into a brief flounced basque.

**Baby's Trousseau.** Even though his Majesty the Baby cannot appreciate the robes he wears, every mother insists that his clothes must be as beautiful as expert workmanship and care can make them, and consequently it is to P. Steinmann's, 185, Piccadilly, that she goes for baby's trousseau. In the salons of these famous lace specialists she will find everything that baby can require, from the layette basket shown on this page to the tiniest little woolly garment. The basket in question, it must

be mentioned, is beautifully fitted, and is available upholstered in any colour. The lovely christening robe in the centre of the page is of cream net gathered into insertions of real Valenciennes lace. Butterfly motifs are let into the skirt. The same design decorated the little pink crêpe-de-Chine jacket on the left, and it is needless to add that it is hand-made and embroidered. The bonnet is to match, and a feature of these crêpe-de-Chine coats is that they can be had with a warm detachable lining of wadded crêpe; 25s. is the price for one of these practical and charming little garments.

### Indispensable Accessories.

An excellent idea which will be appreciated in the nursery is the little bib that fastens not only at the throat, but round the waist. One of them is sketched on this page, and in fine muslin, hand-embroidered and trimmed with real lace, they range in price from 12s. 6d. Muslin bonnets they have in great variety, and these are enriched with real Valenciennes, Brussels, or Irish lace.



A pretty little muslin bonnet which Steinmann's have decorated with hand embroidery.

E. A. R.



This indispensable layette basket, fitted with all the accessories that baby requires, was sketched at Steinmann's.



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Here's to the maiden  
of bashful fifteen,  
Here's to the widow  
of fifty;  
Here's to the flaunting  
extravagant quean,  
and here's to the  
housewife that's thrifty.  
Let the toast pass,  
drink to the lass;  
I warrant she'll prove  
an excuse for the  
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T.C. 81.



**GERMAN CURRENCY.**—(Continued from page 484.)

had produced such marvels in peace-time. Was it surprising that those same qualities, when applied to a gigantic struggle, should still effect extraordinary results? Then came the Peace. No deep study was required to realise the enormous upheaval which had taken place in Germany during the four years of the war. Neither the state of mind nor the fortunes of the social classes, nor the wealth of the country, its social and international position, nor the directing forces, nor the political institutions, were the same at the end of the war as they had been in the much-admired Germany of 1914. We ought to have asked ourselves whether all these changes would not have a certain influence also on the productive power of the country.

Our epoch believes in the magic of science and industry. Therefore the world reasoned differently. It asked itself: Are not the German factories not only intact, but also more numerous, since the war? Are not her scientific laboratories still active? Do not her wise men still form the same ingenious clan which discovered so many precious secrets? Are not her workmen still industrious and disciplined as before? The conclusion therefore seemed clear and simple enough. As Germany, when she passed from peace to war, had been able to double and treble her creative energy, so when she returned to peace after the war was over, she would again double and treble it. The discoveries she had made, the perfections she had realised, the possibilities of which the war had given her glimpses, added to the desire of reconquering the prosperity and prestige of former days, would prodigiously strengthen her will and imagination. . . . The new magic, science and industry, would dis-

encumber the world in a few years from the ruins which the blind passions of man had accumulated. Germany in 1930 would again be the prosperous Germany of 1910.

The world has begun to perceive that the problem and the task were not, alas! so simple. We readily

possibilities, have become very vague. We have no longer any idea of the limitations of its powers, especially when it is a question of great human collective bodies, such as whole peoples. We often ask the impossible of them as if it were quite natural.

In this way we have finally isolated human labour from all the conditions which render it possible in modern society, by believing that a people can go on always working with the same energy and the same result, no matter what the social, moral, or political conditions of its life may be. It is an illusion. In order to work well, modern industry not only requires coal, raw materials, machines, workmen, foremen, chiefs; it has also need of a certain political order and a certain moral equilibrium, which together keep the balance true between discipline and liberty, reward and effort; and which develop the initiative spirit and desires, the taste for comfort and luxury, at the same time maintaining the wants and ambitions of the masses within the limits of possibility. The great industrial undertakings were able to develop so well in the nineteenth century because political order and moral equilibrium were assured by the happy combination of two opposite historical elements—the authoritative traditions of the ancient régimes which survived the French Revolution, and the forces of initiative, innovation, and criticism liberated by the Revolution and the régime of liberty.

It would, however, be an error to believe, as so many people do believe to-day, that that order and that equilibrium are an unalterable part of the cosmic scheme. Delicate creations as they are of a happy and privileged epoch, they might disappear, carrying

[Continued overleaf.]



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laugh at our ancestors, who knew so little of the obscure laws of Nature, and entertained facile beliefs in prodigies and magic. Have we not perchance transported that blind credulity in Nature into the region of moral forces? We know fairly well what Nature can give us, and what we can ask of her, but our notions of human nature, of its exigencies and



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(Continued.)  
with them many of our workshops, laboratories, and inventive geniuses. It has been so in Russia. A year ago I wrote, in an article for the *Illustration* of Paris, that Germany, having hardly any government



A LAWN-TENNIS SENSATION: THE FIRST DEFEAT OF THE WORLD'S GRASS COURT CHAMPION, MR. W. M. JOHNSTON, SEEN (LEFT) SHAKING HANDS WITH THE VICTOR, MR. J. O. ANDERSON.

A sensation was caused in the lawn-tennis world by the defeat of Mr. W. M. Johnston (U.S.), the world's champion on grass, by Mr. J. O. Anderson (Australia) at Forest Hills on August 31, in the Davis Cup competition. Mr. Anderson won, out of 5 sets, by 4-6, 6-2, 2-6, 7-5, 6-2. Mr. Johnston led by 2 sets to 1, and in the fourth set was leading by 5 games to 4. It has been suggested that his use of a heavy racket (14½ oz.) tells upon him in a five-set match. A few days later Mr. Anderson was beaten by Mr. W. T. Tilden (U.S.).—[Photograph by Topical.]

left, seemed to be transformed into a gigantic workshop in which order was maintained by the necessity of work, independent of the Government and its power. But to-day I add that, if work and its

imperious necessities can maintain a kind of order for a certain time in a modern country, they cannot alone, without the collaboration of other social forces, such as schools, the Press, religion, justice, army, government, hold in check all those passions which undermine order, especially in an epoch so disturbed as our own.

Actual present events are an illuminating proof of this truth. The German people have done their utmost in order that the believers in the magic of science and industry should not be disappointed. They had set themselves to work with their untiring energy, only asking to regain their old prosperity as soon as possible. But the weakness and errors of the Government have created a situation in Germany which disturbs the nation's work more and more, discourages it, and, while multiplying obstacles, diminishes productive power. The annihilation of the currency is at this moment the most serious of these perturbations, but it will be followed sooner or later by others still more dangerous.

The collapse of the mark is, in fact, only one form of the political crisis in Germany. Germany has no longer any currency because she no longer has a Government. It always comes back to that—the most dangerous legacy of the World War for Europe is not the economical crisis, but the political crisis. The fall of the monarchical system has left half Europe with such weak Governments that everything vacillates, social order and economical life alike. If one realises this tragic reality, the illusions of those who expected a rapid rise of the mark can only be considered as childish. So long as that weakness lasts in so many States, there will be great disturbance in the whole of Europe. That is why the task of the men who govern the States which are still well organised is at the same time a difficult and an easy one. It is difficult, because, in order to be able to act in Europe, they need to have Governments possessed of power with whom to deal. But it is relatively easy, for they can do nothing to help form such Governments; all that can be asked of them is that they should not add to the difficulties with which those countries are struggling in their attempt to create for themselves a solid political organisation. It is a task for which a little foresight and moderation should suffice.

In 1867 the third Earl of Craven, who was a great pipe smoker, requested Mr. Carreras, of Wardour Street, to make a special mixture for him. It was

named Craven Mixture, after the Earl, and quickly found favour with his many friends. One of the most noted smokers of Craven, Sir James Barrie, was so delighted with the mixture that he immortalised it, as Arcadia Mixture, in "My Lady Nicotine." The makers of Craven Mixture, Messrs. Carreras, of 55, Piccadilly, W.1, are naturally jealous of the fine record and unusual history of this mixture. The recipe for it has been carefully preserved, and to this day Craven Mixture is made in identically the same painstaking, old-fashioned way as it was in 1867 for the third Earl of Craven.



THE NEW JUNIOR LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION: MR. N. H. LATCHFORD (LEFT), WITH THE RUNNER-UP, MR. H. W. AUSTIN.

The finals of the Junior Lawn-Tennis Championships of Great Britain were played at Beddington Park L.T.C. on September 8. In the Boys' Singles, Mr. N. H. Latchford beat Mr. H. W. Austin (holder) by 6-2, 5-7, and 7-5.—[Photograph by C.N.]



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Width 24 inches .. per yard 1/3 1/4

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The ideal preparation for making Sponge Sandwich, Swiss Rolls & other dainties

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**New Legislation Shortly.** It is stated, apparently on good authority, that the promised Bill to repeal the present Motor-Car Act is to be introduced early in the coming Session of Parliament. It is fervently to be hoped that it

for fairly obvious reasons, will cause the subject to recede into the background.

**Delivery Charges.** A good deal of irritation is caused by the habit of some firms of stipulating that delivery of their cars is to be "ex works," and of making a charge, which is sometimes as high as £8, for delivering the car at the purchaser's home. My own opinion of it is that such a charge is stupid and short-sighted in the extreme. It irritates the customer, who thinks he is being charged unjustifiably, and it is really nothing to the maker, since it only involves a few hours of a driver's time and possibly a railway fare back to the works. It has been pointed out to me that a car costing probably £1000 or more cannot be delivered to the buyer without an extra charge, while any of the big stores will deliver goods

for delivery; he would not feel annoyed about it and tell his friends that I was a sharp customer—and I should be well in pocket over the deal. Some of my manufacturing friends may take the hint—though I admit that most of them are probably exercised in their minds about getting prices down rather than how they may add a five-pound note to them.

**A Booklet Useful to Motorists.**

Correct lubrication is one of the most important points affecting the running of a car, and one which the average motorist is apt to lose sight of. The amount of lubricant used in a year is so small that it hardly seems worth while to discriminate. Yet if motorists only knew how incorrect lubrication caused burnt-out bearings, carbon deposits, and rapid depreciation, they would be more careful in their choice of a lubricant. It is with the object of assisting motorists in the elimination of their lubrication troubles that the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., have issued two booklets dealing with the correct lubrication of cars and motor-cycles, and also a special booklet for the Ford. These booklets are very helpful and instructive, and have the added value of containing the minimum of advertising matter. A copy can be obtained from Gargoyle Mobiloil dealers, or from any of the addresses given in the advertisement of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., on another page.

W. W.



A FAMILY CHOICE: THREE CROSSLEY CARS OF 25-30-H.P., 14-H.P., AND 19.6-H.P. RESPECTIVELY.

These three Crossley cars all belong to members of the same family—namely, Mr. F. Neame (a well-known gentleman-farmer of Selling, near Canterbury), Major Philip Neame, V.C., D.S.O., and Lieut. Colonel A. L. C. Neame, late Royal Engineers, respectively.

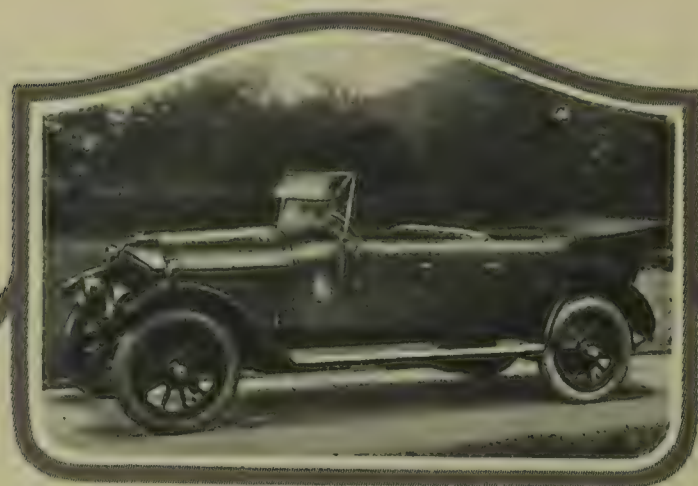
will be postponed as long as possible, because the nearer to the end of the Session it comes the more time will there be for the effects of the recent anti-motoring agitation to die down. If new legislation is discussed at the beginning of the Session, then the reflex of this agitation will be very pronounced, and the resultant Act will be one carrying far worse restrictions and even heavier penalties than the present Motor-Car Act, plus its younger sister the Roads Act.

However, we must hope for the best, and leave it to the motoring organisations and their influence to do the best they can for us. As to the agitation of which I have spoken, this is, I imagine, virtually at an end. The silly season has closed, things are moving in the political and social world—all sorts of matters of importance are coming along to distract attention from the alleged misdoings of the motorist. Furthermore, the Motor Show is almost at hand, and this,

to the value of £1 or over carriage free in any part of the country. I am asked, in the light of this, how the charge made by so many car manufacturers can be justified. It cannot, to my mind, be justified at all. If I were in the business of selling cars, and I found I could not afford to deliver free at the list price, I should simply put £5 on to the price and say nothing about it. My customer would never know that he was actually paying



A NEW MODE OF "DEER-STALKING": OCCUPANTS OF AN 8-H.P. TALBOT TWO-SEATER, WITH THEIR ANTLERED FRIENDS, IN RICHMOND PARK.



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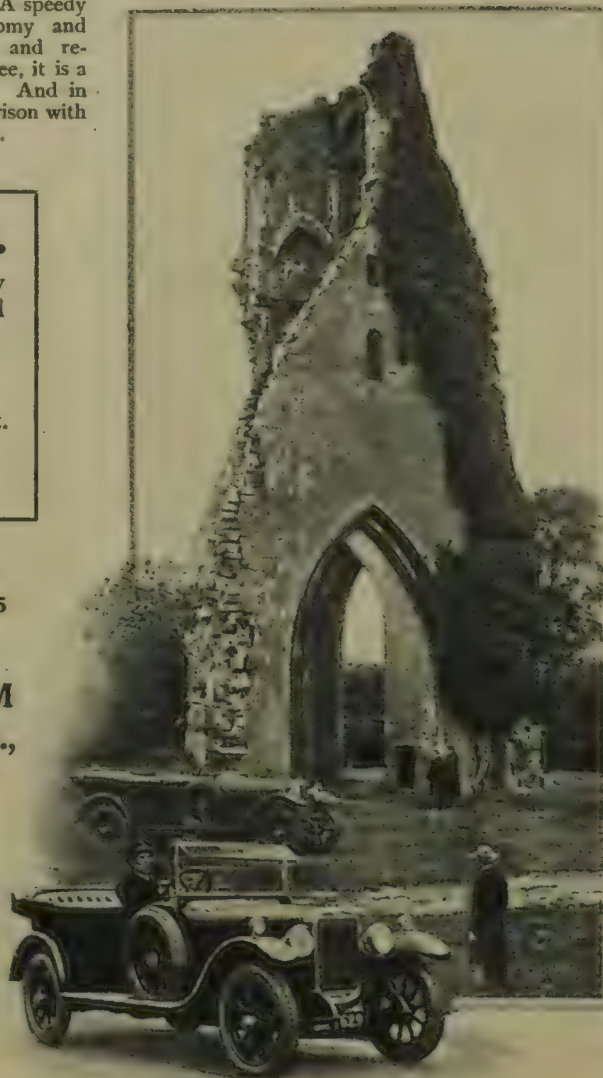
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we fit to your old covers, either Grooved or Swastika pattern, for 3,000 miles, but the unsolicited testimonials we receive show that a tyre, after it has been retreaded by us, and all defects removed from the casing, is better than a new tyre.

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No. 2.—Sample of a badly made tyre, which we open out and re-build, and make decidedly better than new. The worn and weak places having been found, the casing is then sent to the solutioning department, where it receives many coats of rubber solution.



No. 3.—The casing has now been re-built and strengthened and is in a fit condition to be vulcanised. The tread is made of the same material and fitted in the same way as a new tyre.



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OUR RADIATOR HOSE is well known throughout the Motor Trade. We supply this to manufacturers of motor-cars, cut exactly to the length that they use in connecting up their Radiators. This saves them waste and trouble of cutting from long lengths. We supply several of the largest motor-car manufacturers in this country with these connections.

## TESTIMONIALS.

London, E.C.3, 6/6/22.

"I had this hose some 7 or 8 years ago and it is certainly the finest and best wearing that I have ever had, and I must compliment you on such a splendid production.

Yours truly, ———."

Winchester, 23/5/22.

"Mrs. ——— will be obliged if the Almagam Rubber Co. will send her the prices of garden hose. She had one from the Company some years ago which was very satisfactory.

Yours truly, ———."



Write for Illustrated Price List.  
Special Terms for the Trade.

## A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

Walsall, 17/5/23.

"The reason I am writing you is because I have had such splendid service from a similar tyre which you retreaded for me 18 months ago. This tyre has since done 6000 miles and seems still good for another 2000. It is fitted to the front wheel, and before fitting I could not get a tyre to stand for more than 2000 miles. It would seem as if a retread is better than a new cover.

Yours truly, ———."

Broadstairs, Kent, 2/12/22.

"I have had tyres both for this motor cycle and for the car retreaded by you for some years, and am quite pleased with them all; in fact, I think your retreads wear longer than the original tyres do.

Yours truly, ———."

Totnes, 28/12/22.

"The last cover you retreaded for us has given really good service, and has seen three new covers scrapped.

Yours truly, ———."

Bucks, 14/8/22.

"We may say that our customer is highly pleased with the retread fitted to ——— M.C. cover. It has already done more mileage than the original tread which wore down to the fabric. Thanking you and hoping to do further business.

Yours truly, ———."

Northumberland, 1/11/22.

"May I add that the satisfaction derived from your retreads has surpassed the most sanguine anticipation; they actually last longer than a new tyre.

Yours truly, ———."

Devon, 24/6/22.

"I may say I have three of your Almagam Retreads in use, recently put through the Wessex Garage, the third just returned. The other two (30x3) on the front wheels of my Ford have now gone about 5-6000 and the pattern is just wearing down. I am always so satisfied with your work that I prefer your retreads to new covers. I intend to try your own covers next time I require one, but I find retreading puts off the evil day almost indefinitely.

Yours truly, ———."

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## MR. ARCHER AS PLAYWRIGHT.

THE recent St. James's premiere of "The Green Goddess" was an exciting occasion not only for the play's author, Mr. William Archer, and its leading actor, Mr. George Arliss (back on a London stage after twenty years' absence), but also for the whole body of our dramatic critics; for here was one of the veterans of their order, but lately retired from the play-reviewing business, submitting a piece of his own to their judgment; here was a colleague who in the autumn of his days had dared to turn creative artist and had brought his wares to the home market. Rumours of Mr. Archer's audacity had already crossed the Atlantic; reports of an unusual success in the States had preceded the West-End experiment; we were all agog with curiosity to see whether London would endorse America's verdict. If any there were who looked forward with malice to the chance of scarifying a fellow critic, or others who feared something old-fashioned, Ibsenic, and tancic, Mr. Archer disappointed both anticipations alike. His play is an excellent sample of melodrama, with all the thrills of its type, and with the addition of well-turned and often very entertaining dialogue. He has a story to tell which holds his audience in suspense, and in his Raja of Rukh—one side of him, thanks to a Cambridge training, interested in Anatole France and Marcel Proust, and the other capable of almost Satanic cruelty—he has a villain whom "high-brow" and Philistine alike can take to their hearts. Transport by aeroplane into this Raja's capital, as Mr. Archer does, your triangle of sex—husband who drinks, wife, and the man she really loves; make your potentate threaten to sacrifice the two men to a scheme of vengeance and offer love to the woman; throw in wireless S.O.S. calls and yet another arriving aeroplane; assign to your Raja a Cockney valet who hates his own country and is hurled most justly from a window to death—and you have all the materials of popular drama with sauce piquante. The acting is as good as the play. Mr. Arliss, incisive, bland, quietly humorous, makes a telling figure of the Raja, and there is little likelihood of his being permitted, after the long run of "The Green Goddess," to go back to America; Miss Isobel Elsom, sincere in all her scenes of emotion, confirms the good impressions produced by her work in "The Outsider." And a third remarkable performance (in the valet's rôle) comes from Mr. Arthur Hatherton.

## "LONDON CALLING." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

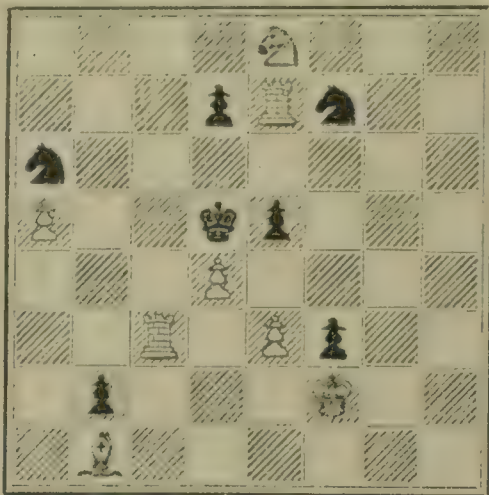
There is just the possibility that the best things in "London Calling" may prove a little too clever

for lovers of revue. Such an item, for instance, as the "Swiss Family Whittlebot," with its skit on the Sitwell family, delights our "intellectuals" and others in the know; but may not its humours be a little obscure to that larger public which perhaps has not heard of Miss Edith Sitwell and her two brothers and their contributions to Georgian verse? Despite its cleverness, however—balanced, there is no denying, by certain lapses into banality—what revue escapes them?—the statement is worth risking that in "London Calling" Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Ronald Jeans have given us the wittiest and most entertaining revue we have had for donkey's years. It really fulfils the purposes of its genre by poking fun at the follies of the hour; it really gives a brilliant band of artists opportunities of amusing their public. In "Early Mourning" we get a little gem of comedy acting from Miss Gertrude Lawrence; Miss Maisie Gay, almost a genius with her broad touch of humour, has a dozen fine moments of burlesque; and again and again Mr. Tubby Edlin approves himself a first-rate comedian.

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 3914.—By J. T. LETSIOS.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3912.—By H. GUNNING.  
WHITE.  
1. Q to Kt 4th  
2. Mates accordingly.  
BLACK  
ANY MOVE

Mrs. W. J. BAIRD, and Messrs. A. GUEST, A. BURN, R. C. GRIFFITHS, CARSLAKE WINTER WOOD, H. F. L. MEYER, ALBERT TAYLOR, and many other correspondents are thanked for their kind expressions of regret and sympathy for the death of our late Chess Editor, as well as for their warm esteem of his merits as a friend and as a composer.

HORACE E. MCFARLAND (St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.).—You will have learned by this time that your letter has unhappily come into other hands than those for which it was meant, but we trust to continue the friendly relations already established, and shall always welcome any communication you may send us.

H. W. SATOW (Bangor).—You have given the first move correctly for 3913, but look at Black's reply of Kt to Q 7th for a defence against your second move. Where is the mate?

RUDOLPH COOPER (Brooklyn, N.Y.).—We congratulate you on your success in solving No. 3911. May you continue to score!

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3909 received from H. E. MCFARLAND (St. Louis, U.S.A.), H. F. MARKER (Ponabander, India); of No. 3910 from H. MARKER (India); and of No. 3911 from ALBERT TAYLOR (Sheffield), O. NEWBOLD (Surrey), Rev. F. J. PENTELOW (Nova Scotia) and Rudolph Cooper (Brooklyn, N.Y.).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3912 received from ALBERT TAYLOR (Sheffield), H. BURGESS, G. STILLINGFLET JOHNSON (Cobham), H. HESHMAT (Cairo), Rev. W. SCOTT (Elgin), F. J. FALWELL (Caterham), J. M. K. LUPTON (Richmond), A. EDMESTON (Worsley).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3913 received from H. GRISSETT, BALDWIN (Farnham), L. W. CAFFERATA (Newark), Rev. W. SCOTT (Elgin), H. W. SATOW (Bangor), J. M. K. LUPTON (Richmond), G. STILLINGFLET JOHNSON (Cobham), E. G. BARLOW (Bournemouth) and D. B. S. (Canterbury).

## CHESS IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament at Carlsbad between Messrs. BOGOTJUBOV and TARRASCH.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1 P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
2 Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd
3 P to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd
4 Kt to B 3rd	Castles
5 P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd
6 B to B 4th	P to K R 3rd
7 Q to Q 2nd	K to R 2nd
8 P to K R 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd
9 Castles Q R	

White has taken full advantage of his opponent's tardy development, and has now a commanding position.

9	P to Kt 3rd
10 P to K 5th	K Kt to Kt sq
11 B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
12 B to K 4th	B takes B
13 Kt takes B	Q to B sq
14 Q to B 2nd	Q to R 3rd
15 K to Kt sq	Q R to Q sq
16 P to K R 4th	K to R sq

A hopeless attempt to stem the tide, although it brings another piece to bear on the White King.

22 B takes Kt	B takes B
23 Kt takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
24 Kt takes R	R takes Kt
25 R to R 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
26 R to Q Kt 3rd	Q to R 3rd
27 Kt to B 5th	Q to B 3rd
28 R to K sq	Resigns

Because he cannot make a move that does not lose straight away. The position is really curious.

The British Correspondence Chess Association invites entries for its two tournaments which begin on October 1. It makes a strong appeal to those desiring to improve their play, or who have few opportunities of practice over the board. Arrangements are made to suit different classes of players, of which full particulars may be had on application to Mr. H. E. Matthews, 37, Anson Street, Menton, Eccles, Manchester.

The annual meeting of the British Chess Federation was held this year at Southsea, and excited more than usual interest on account of the fine entry for the British Championship. This contest was fought with great spirit and enterprise, and its issue remained undecided until the very last round, when the unexpected defeat of Mr. Yates gave first place to Sir George Thomas, whose indomitable pluck and patient skill had overcome all difficulties. Miss Price retained the Ladies' Championship, and in the Major Open Tournament Alechin proved, as was to be anticipated, an easy winner.

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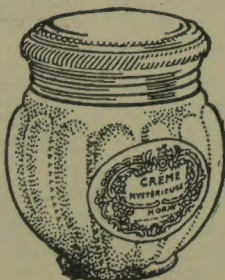
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE CORRECTION OF AN ERROR.

THE letters of distinguished musicians are often interesting for the judgments which they contain on the writers' musical contemporaries. It is comparatively rare to find a great composer's letters preserved in any large quantity. Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn are the classic examples; we may add in later days the letters of Wagner and Tchaikovsky. Biographers are apt to make a somewhat dangerous use of composers' letters. It is generally in the years between twenty and thirty that people write letters most copiously. In the case of Mozart and Mendelssohn the letter-writing period began still earlier. There is a great fascination about this juvenile correspondence, as long as the reader is careful to bear in mind the writer's age; but it is absurd to suppose, because Mozart or Mendelssohn expressed certain views at the age of eighteen, that they therefore maintained those views consistently for the rest of their lives. They made their judgments with the directness of youth, and cases often occur, (as, for example, in Mozart's description of Abt Vogler) in which the sharp and biting criticisms of a young man who sets down his impressions just as he receives them, it may be in a moment of extreme irritation, are to posterity worth infinitely more than the authorised biographies published by reverent and devoted pupils.

Among the famous examples of severe criticism passed by one musician on another, and one which reads very strangely at the present day, is a letter, dated February 1817, published in the collected correspondence of Rossini. It is too long to quote in its entirety, but here are a few characteristic passages from it:

"Here, my dear Leopoldo, are my ideas on the present state of music. From the moment when five notes were added to the pianoforte, I said that a disastrous revolution was being prepared in an art which had thus arrived at its perfection, since experi-

ence has shown that when people seek to add to the best, it always leads to the worst. Haydn had already begun to corrupt purity of taste, introducing into his compositions strange chords, elaborate passages, and daring novelties; but he at least preserved so much loftiness and antique beauty of style that his errors may seem pardonable. But after him Cramer, and, finally, Beethoven, with their compositions that are deprived of all unity or naturalness, overflowing with oddities and caprices, have entirely corrupted the taste of instrumental music." The writer then goes on to speak of singers, comparing Mrs. Billington unfavourably with Pacchierotti, and saying that corruption of taste seemed to have touched its lowest with Velluti, when Catalani appeared only to prove "that there is nothing so bad as to exclude the possibility of something worse. . . . The singers surprise us rather than move us, and whereas in the good old days the players did their best to make their instruments sing, the singers now treat their voices like instruments. The multitude, which applauds so abominable a style, treats music as the Jesuits did poetry and eloquence, when they set Lucan above Virgil and Seneca above Cicero."

The letter is signed "G. R." It was addressed to Leopoldo Cicognara, the art-historian of Ferrara, and is still preserved in the library of that town. Rossini in 1817 was twenty-five years old. He had already been given the nickname of *il tedesco*, "the little German," because of his admiration for Haydn. He had already created a scandal by daring to write new music to the "Barbiere di Siviglia," which the older generation considered to have been set once and for all by Paisiello. Yet the letter speaks of Paisiello as one of the good old school, and condemns wholesale "all the young composers for the theatre" as being followers of the new German school. A correspondent of the leading German musical paper in this same year (1817) wrote that Rossini had played whole pieces of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven to him from memory. Another point worth noticing is that the letter is written in a rather pompous

literary style, whereas Rossini at the age of twenty-five was not a particularly well-educated man. It is incredible that he should have been in a position to form a judgment on the respective merits of Lucan and Virgil, Seneca and Cicero.

In spite of these inconsistencies, the letter was universally accepted as Rossini's, until doubt was cast upon it by Professor Giuseppe Radiciotti, who is preparing a new Life of the composer. Professor Radiciotti, although curiously reluctant to disturb established traditions as a rule, is a historian of modern methods, who bases his work on documentary evidence. Being struck with the difficulty of reconciling the opinions expressed in this letter with the known facts of Rossini's life, he did what had apparently never occurred to any previous investigator. He had the original letter in the Ferrara library photographed, and compared the handwriting with other letters of Rossini. It at once became evident that the letter to Cicognara could not possibly have been written by Rossini at all. Specimens of the two handwritings are reproduced in the current number of the *Rivista Musicale Italiana*, in which Professor Radiciotti discusses the whole matter. As to who the author of the letter was, he makes no attempt to guess, beyond suggesting that he was some local amateur of Ferrara, whom Cicognara had asked for his opinions in order to make use of them, as he obviously did, in his "Storia della Scultura," which came out in the following year.

Rossini is coming into fashion again—as is shown by the fact that some writer not long ago alluded to Stravinsky as the modern Rossini—so it is desirable that the truth about him should be known. The persistence of the error for so many years is due mainly to the fact that few people have interested themselves in Rossini. It is further due to the fact that Italians have a great reverence for their own great men, and are always ready to put up monuments to them. It is, however, not so common to find them applying the principles of commonsense to the memory of their national heroes.

EDWARD J. DENT.



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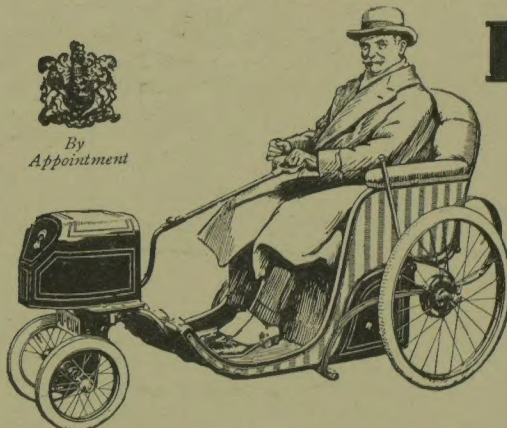
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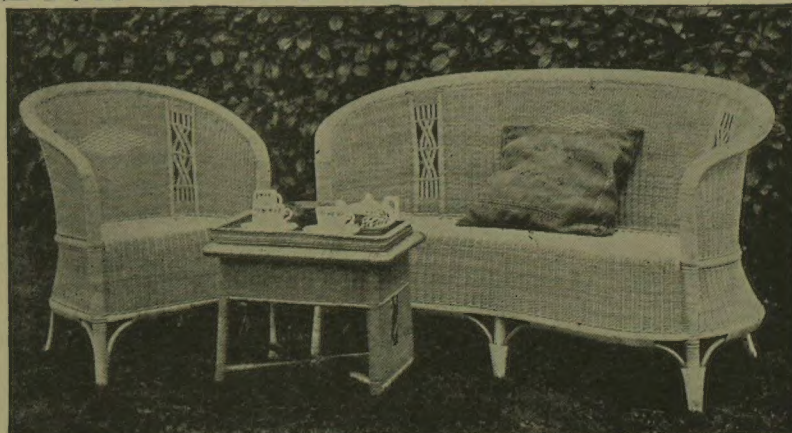
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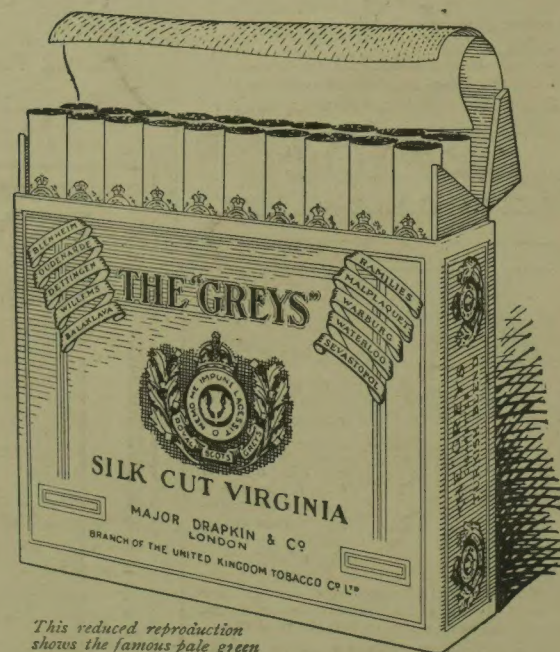
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